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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Show cat with odd colored eyes
See page 2.

SPECIAL HOMES FEATURE - See page 25

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 28, 1954 — Vol. 22, No. 9

GOOD WISHES TO A GOOD TEAM

IN a few days Australia's eyes will be on Vancouver, following with interest and excitement the progress of the British Empire Games.

There are high hopes for this year's team. Before leaving, its manager, Mr. Jim Eve, described it as the best team ever to represent this country.

Its members include a number who have previously broken or equalled world records. They are runners Marjorie Jackson, John Landy, and Hector Hogan, and swimmers Lorraine Crapp, Jon Henricks, and Rex Aubrey.

Though some of them, such as Marjorie Jackson, are old in public esteem, all are young in years.

They are an attractive bunch of young people, and they represent the outstanding amateur sporting prowess of the country. They represent, too, much hard work and enthusiasm on the part of sporting bodies, clubs, and citizens' committees which have helped them to go abroad.

When making a farewell speech to them, the Vice-President of the Federal Executive Council, Sir Eric Harrison, said: "In the light of recent events in sport, it is well to remember that the way you comport yourself not only affects the team but the country you represent."

Today radio and television bring sportsmen and sportswomen into more prominence than ever before. They win public favor not only for their skill but for their personalities.

It is pleasing to know that there is every likelihood of the members of this team being good representatives of their country. Without exception the stars have always drawn favorable comment for their modesty and sportsmanship.

All Australians will follow their fortunes with interest, and will join in wishing them luck.

Our cover:

● Tosca, the white Persian on our cover, is one of the cats being exhibited at the show which the Federal Cat Club of Australasia will hold in the Lower Town Hall, Sydney, on July 29. Proceeds of the show will be given to the Red Cross Society. Tosca's registered name is Odde of Akaroa, the name referring to her odd eyes. She belongs to the club secretary, Mr. Don Burling. Mr. Burling says that while odd-eyed white cats are not rare, Tosca is unusual in that she has one perfect orange eye and one perfect blue one. He adds that white cats with odd eyes are always good breeders. All of her kittens have had the orthodox matching eyes. Staff photographer Eric Donnelly took the picture.

This week:

● A member of Australia's Antarctic expedition took the color pictures on pages 16 and 17. Since we received the pictures there has been news of a hazardous five-week journey made by four men of the party, led by the officer-in-charge, Mr. Robert Dovers, who figures in one of our pictures. The party was travelling over the frozen sea when a hurricane arose and the sea ice began to break up. The men nearly lost their lives on the dangerous return trip to base.

● Our film pin-up this week is a very attractive color picture of Rosemary Clooney (see page 35). Last week she and her husband, Jose Ferrer, announced on the first anniversary of their wedding that they are expecting a baby in January.

● Architects' plans entered in our Family Home Contest may now be collected at our offices in capital cities. Addresses are given at the foot of this page.

Next week:

● Fashionably speaking, it's spring. Shops are beginning to show the new season's clothes, smart girls are thinking about their wardrobes. Next week our spring fashion section brings you clothes from Paris and from Rome. Mary Hordern's pages show you the newest suits, and Rene tells you how to turn one blouse into four.

● "Green for Love," next week's lift-out novel, is the latest book by popular English writer Anne Piper. It is a light, amusing story of marriage, its heroine the beautiful, lazy wife of a successful barrister.

Letters from our readers

MR. BILL JOHNSON suggests in The Australian Women's Weekly of July 7, 1954, that Australians are drunkards and the shorter drinking hours are, the better. Shortages create demands, yet he prescribes shorter drinking hours as a deterrent to alcoholism. To any person, like myself, who has experienced civilised licensing laws in the very countries he chooses to name, the existent Australian law, regardless of the stupid 15 minutes' extension, etc., merely provokes the desire to drink heavily.

Ronald T. Masters, Hampton, Vic.

I APPLAUD the letter concerning Australians and their drinking habits. I am Australian and for 30 years I have been nauseated by the fact that a party just isn't a party until everyone gets boozed and makes a disgusting, noisy, cheap show of themselves. I am rarely present at such functions. Sickening beer binges and Australians' revolting guzzling are quite the crudest spectacles I have witnessed in any part of the world. They bring out all that is most repulsive in men and women.

(Sister) H. Beresford, Paddington, N.S.W.

EVIDENTLY H. Thacker (The Australian Women's Weekly, 7/7/54) herself or any of her near and dear have never been raped or brutally assaulted. Perhaps she would then agree that these ghouls, whatever their age, be hanged. Too much maudlin sentimental twaddle, misnamed justice, is extended to the attacker, while the unfortunate ruined victim (irrespective of her morals, caste, or color) receives neither sympathy nor compensation.

(Mrs.) M. Taylor, Cecil Plains, Qld.

IN response to Mrs. Thacker's letter about the penalty for rape, she apparently does not realise that no better example could have been put before the youth of Australia because now they realise that leniency is not given for this crime, irrespective of the circumstances surrounding it.

(Mr.) S. Griffith, Wagga, N.S.W.

THE penalty for rape should be increased. Flogging should be added. A lifetime will not wipe out the victim's horror. We have to thank the Godless homes, filthy language, glorification of liquor and gambling, and the degradation of sex life far below the level of animal creation for turning out the vermin who attack women.

"As Ye Sow" (name supplied), North Hobart, Tas.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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As John and Caroline sat talking the helmsman sang a sweet song to the ship and the sea.

A charming and appealing romantic story

The moment of the flying fish

By DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

"THERE'S nothing I can get you, Mary? Aspirin?"

"I've taken two. Just leave me alone." Lady Coryton lay with eyes closed and a damp handkerchief on her brow. The cabin smelled pleasantly of eau-de-cologne. Her migraine headaches came on quickly.

"I'll go on deck, then." He made for the door while she still wanted to be left alone.

"Oh, John!"

"Yes, my dear?" The worse the headache, the more cyclonic the thoughts.

"I'm sure if you would only push yourself hard enough, they would have some important job on the Coal Board, or the railways, or in industry. But you never will. It's a kind of conceit, I think."

"Don't worry now, Mary. Just try to get some rest."

"How can I when this pain is stabbing through my head? Another thing I sometimes think is that you've wasted all your life and mine tilting at windmills . . ."

But he escaped. It was wisdom and the line of least resistance. All her ambitions, he thought. And here I am—Crackpot Coryton, another governor who fell foul of the planters, on the shelf at 52. And will the Coal Board want me? Nobody wants crackpots.

"His Majesty's Government is most earnestly in sympathy with the reforms which you advocate, but is of the opinion . . ." And the last one: "His Majesty's Government has observed with concern a mounting discontent and antagonism towards you personally in certain important sections of the community. Accordingly, it is with great regret . . ."

Such idealists, the politicians, until it's a question of pounds and dollars. Well, there's no good being bitter about that, or about Mary either.

He reached the deck. They were heading east. A breeze came over the port bow. It was fine weather in the season of the hurricanes. She had begun to pitch. She was the kind of ship he liked, a twelve thousand tonner carrying passengers and cargo; carrying sugar, of course, and casks of molasses and pale rum and some mahogany and chilled bananas.

They were not far off shore. John Coryton stood at the rail, watching many things he knew—pellucid sea, white sand, pink villas, shacks, and swaying cane, all the vivid—too vivid—contrasts. He saw two kites, a red one and a blue, climb and swoop with curving paper tails to stand against the good trade wind.

Yes, I shall miss my sugar island, the flame-of-the-forest and the poinciana, the early mornings in the garden, the simple jokes with dark men carrying machetes, with fat, cheerful mammies.

I could so easily have fought it out. A few words here and there to make me Our Beloved Governor, champion of the Have-nots, and put the cat among the colonial pigeons. I might have done it but for Mary.

He strolled aft. He was not a melancholy man. It just happened that one of her headaches coincided with the farewell moment.

He saw the woman as he was going to descend a companion ladder on the way aft to have a last look. She was middle-aged. Her hair was grey. She read a novel in a shady corner. It was a novel called "The Blessing," and she smiled. Her jaw was still soft and cleanly cut, her nose still had a suggestion of Arab nostril; but there were lines etched in. She did not look up.

John Coryton came to the stern. He looked at the wake, churning crystal white and blue. He forgot about his sugar island. He made a journey back to long ago . . .

They sailed from Barbados in the afternoon that time. It was a mixed cargo—flour, live piglets, salt, cod, goats, terra-cotta pots, and this and that with many odors, and four passengers and one child.

The Rita G. was big for an island schooner, with brown sails, and the wind blew fair from the north-east, and she ran west by south for the island of Grenada. She rolled the vales and hills of a hearty sea; there was no flutter in her canvas.

One of the passengers—he was a traveller in drugs—an amiable man who had drunk much rum, retired to the men's cabin for a long sleep. Another of the passengers—she was a schoolteacher in St. George's, and a very poor sailor—retired to the women's cabin to lie down.

Coryton and the fourth adult passenger sat at the poop. They talked for a while before exchanging names, and the child played with seashells on a rug on deck. She wore a harness with reins to her mother, and bells that jingled.

She played precisely, as small girls do, unlike small boys. Sometimes she put a finger to shut one ear, and held a shell close against the other to listen for those lovely private surf noises that shells make. Then she made another pattern on the rug. She was feminine at three.

They watched the helmsman, who watched his compass intermittently and his sails all the time. He had a cock to his head like all good sailors at the wheel.

It turned out that her name was Caroline Smith, and she was quite like her names, Caroline in an indolence and absence, Smith in something else for him about her.

"This is the kind of sail that people would pay fortunes for, and it costs only ten coconut dollars. No, darling, stay on the rug."

"Wonderful till we're becalmed in the sun."

"That's very English," she said. And then: "Just look at that flying fish. It went on and on, dripping drops. Do you like them?"

"Do I like eating them, or as fish?"

"Every way."

"I dunno," he said. "There's something sad about a flying fish."

"Why?"

"Because," he said, "they do it to escape from boats or barracuda; free of their element and in again."

"Hungry, Mummy."

"Supper the moment the sun goes down, darling. Let's watch for the green flash. Have you ever seen it?" she asked him.

"I think so."

"There, I saw it. Did you?"

"I'll say I did." And a moment later he asked her: "Where is Susan going to sleep?"

"I think I'll leave her here for an hour or two. It's much cooler."

The colors went quickly, and the captain came to help with Susan's sleeping-place. He was medium-dark and earnest, was quiet,

To page 44

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BY J. B. PRIESTLEY



The Magicians

IT was very hot next morning; the tall flowers in the borders blazed; distance was lost in the heat haze; the air was unmoving, heavy; the whole garden might have been inside a greenhouse.

Ravenstreet had breakfasted lightly in his bedroom, had seen the Wiversons, telephoned the works, written a few letters, and was now ready if necessary to spend the rest of the morning with the Magicians. Bury had put out some deckchairs for them near the summer-house, and there he found them, their wise old heads wreathed in smoke.

It seemed wrong to ask such characters how they had slept, so he merely gave them a good-morning, dropped into the fourth chair, and waited for their questions.

"I thought it better," said Marot, an old grey eagle in this morning light, "to leave you last night. These experiences—they are often very disturbing, exhausting—much emotion. One is better alone perhaps."

"That was tactful of you," said Ravenstreet. "It was, as you say, a disturbing, exhausting experience. I still don't understand it, don't know where I am. Somehow you made me relive a day I'd almost forgotten; perhaps because I'd wanted to forget it, as the psychologists tell us—"

"Psychologists!" cried Perperek, his yellow moon of a face creased with contempt. "Is no use talking of psychologists. Tick-tock — tick-tock!" He removed some shreds of tobacco from his underlip, as if a Freudian or two might be hiding there.

Ravenstreet looked at Marot.

"You said you wished to show me some part of my life as it is. Those were your very words, I remember. The time alive. Well, I suppose that's what happened. It's hard to explain. I was there, twenty-seven years ago, doing and saying the same things, not able to stop myself though I tried hard enough sometimes. But of course I wasn't exactly the same. Here it gets very confusing. I was conscious of my own consciousness at it was then. I was back there and yet was different—I'm afraid I'll never make you understand."

He looked round at them innocently.

Perperek roared with laughter, swallowed some smoke, coughed, wheezed, spluttered, thumped his fat little thighs. Wayland was smiling broadly. Only Marot still looked grave.

"You forget, my friend," he said reproachfully. "You have not to make us understand. We were trying to make you understand."

"It was a sort of test, you remember," said Wayland, still smiling. "We asked for your help. We had to prove we were worthy of it."

"Did I not say," said Marot carefully, "I must persuade you by an example that your view of life is wrong and ours is right? You agree? Then that was the example."

"Tick-tock gone." Perperek grinned. "Where is tick-tock now? I tell you other thing, Rav-en-street. You change a little already. You notice? Is true. More open, more life. Is more garden for you today than yesterday. You notice?"

"I hadn't, but now I come to think of it, you're probably right." Ravenstreet hesitated. "When I—remembered that day, went back to it—I felt at once how much richer and warmer my sensations were—I was a lot younger then of course. But — now you mention it — there has been a sort of hangover since I—I returned. I'm noticing more. Curious!"

He looked almost angrily at the grinning Perperek. "How the devil do you know these things?"

Perperek roared with laughter again.

"The devil—yes. I am fat little devil. Is new kind—not so good to look at—would not please ladies so much—but still very clever—read important English industry man like little book for childrens—"

"Now, Perperek," said Wayland, "we must get on with this." He looked at Ravenstreet.

"What you experienced last night isn't any concern of ours. It's your affair, your life. I must warn you, though, that it wasn't memory, simply traces in the brain of what is over and done with. It hadn't that quality, had it?"

"No, it hadn't," Ravenstreet admitted. "The whole feeling of it was different. It was solidly and intensely there. Was I hypnotised into believing that—what shall I say?—that a released flood of memories was something really happening again?"

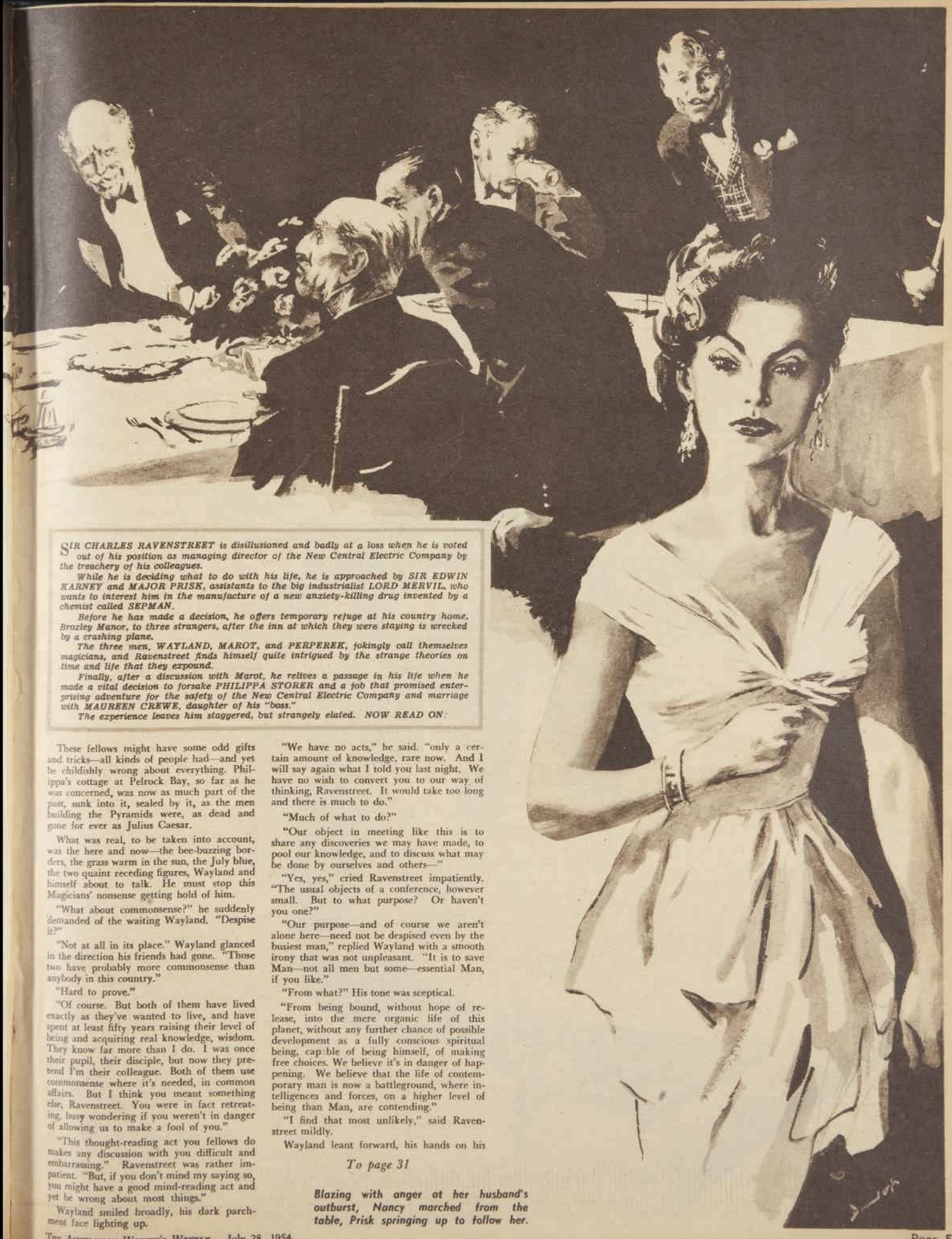
He glanced at Marot, who after all had been responsible for this queer business.

The gaunt old Frenchman shook his head. "No, you have it the wrong way round. You were—what is it?—de-hypnotised. When you speak of floods of memories, you speak out of hypnotic trance."

"Track of tick-tock," cried Perperek. "A day is here, is gone. A minute is here, is gone. A second is here, is gone. Past is nothing. Future is nothing. All is thin slice—a tick, a tock—between nothings. You hypnotise yourself believe these things—all follows very, very bad. A life for sheeps. Marot, I think we walk an' talk a little—eh?"

The other man obediently rose, nodding to Wayland, as if telling him to carry on with Ravenstreet's instruction. The tottering giant and the fat waddling dwarf moved together across the lawn, a vaudeville act again. Ravenstreet wanted to laugh. Had he been in danger of losing his commonsense and humor?

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SIR CHARLES RAVENSTREET is disillusioned and badly at a loss when he is voted out of his position as managing director of the New Central Electric Company by the treachery of his colleagues.

While he is deciding what to do with his life, he is approached by SIR EDWIN KARNEY and MAJOR PRISK, assistants to the big industrialist LORD MERVIL, who wants to interest him in the manufacture of a new anxiety-killing drug invented by a chemist called SEPMAN.

Before he has made a decision, he offers temporary refuge at his country home, Brozley Manor, to three strangers, after the inn at which they were staying is wrecked by a crashing plane.

The three men, WAYLAND, MAROT, and PERPEREK, jokingly call themselves magicians, and Ravenstreet finds himself quite intrigued by the strange theories on time and life that they expound.

Finally, after a discussion with Marot, he relives a passage in his life when he made a vital decision to forsake PHILIPPA STORER and a job that promised enterprising adventure for the safety of the New Central Electric Company and marriage with MAUREEN CREWE, daughter of his "boss."

The experience leaves him staggered, but strangely elated. NOW READ ON:

These fellows might have some odd gifts and tricks—all kinds of people had—and yet be childishly wrong about everything. Philippa's cottage at Pelrock Bay, so far as he was concerned, was now as much part of the past, sunk into it, sealed by it, as the men building the Pyramids were, as dead and gone for ever as Julius Caesar.

What was real, to be taken into account, was the here and now—the bee-buzzing borders, the grass warm in the sun, the July blue, the two quaint receding figures, Wayland and himself about to talk. He must stop this Magicians' nonsense getting hold of him.

"What about commonsense?" he suddenly demanded of the waiting Wayland. "Despise it?"

"Not at all in its place." Wayland glanced in the direction his friends had gone. "Those two have probably more commonsense than anybody in this country."

"Hard to prove."

"Of course. But both of them have lived exactly as they've wanted to live, and have spent at least fifty years raising their level of being and acquiring real knowledge, wisdom. They know far more than I do. I was once their pupil, their disciple, but now they pretend I'm their colleague. Both of them use commonsense where it's needed, in common affairs. But I think you meant something else, Ravenstreet. You were in fact retreating, busy wondering if you weren't in danger of allowing us to make a fool of you."

"This thought-reading act you fellows do makes any discussion with you difficult and embarrassing." Ravenstreet was rather impatient. "But, if you don't mind my saying so, you might have a good mind-reading act and yet be wrong about most things."

Wayland smiled broadly, his dark parchment face lighting up.

"We have no acts," he said. "only a certain amount of knowledge, rare now. And I will say again what I told you last night. We have no wish to convert you to our way of thinking, Ravenstreet. It would take too long and there is much to do."

"Much of what to do?"

"Our object in meeting like this is to share any discoveries we may have made, to pool our knowledge, and to discuss what may be done by ourselves and others—"

"Yes, yes," cried Ravenstreet impatiently. "The usual objects of a conference, however small. But to what purpose? Or haven't you one?"

"Our purpose—and of course we aren't alone here—need not be despised even by the busiest man," replied Wayland with a smooth irony that was not unpleasant. "It is to save Man—not all men but some—essential Man, if you like."

"From what?" His tone was sceptical.

"From being bound, without hope of release, into the mere organic life of this planet, without any further chance of possible development as a fully conscious spiritual being, capable of being himself, of making free choices. We believe it's in danger of happening. We believe that the life of contemporary man is now a battleground, where intelligences and forces, on a higher level of being than Man, are contending."

"I find that most unlikely," said Ravenstreet mildly.

Wayland leant forward, his hands on his

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Blazing with anger at her husband's outburst, Nancy marched from the table, Prisk springing up to follow her.

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TOMORROW'S LOVE

BY MARJORIE WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM



With the twins leading the way they hurried to the puppy. "We might be able to make him happy," said Martin, looking up at Elaine.

THE first evening Elaine took a job as a baby-sitter she approached the front door of the Andersons' home with trepidation. She knew it was foolish, but all her life any new task had made her nervous.

As she waited for someone to answer her ring, she tried to stiffen her courage with the thought of the money she would earn. Three shillings an hour . . . say four hours each night and four nights a week! That added up to two pounds eight a week. And if she saved that amount each week for a year she would be able to take her mother for a holiday in Noumea.

You're a nice one, she told herself, hankering after strange countries when the prospect of meeting a couple of probably quite inoffensive parents gives you the jitters!

The sudden opening of the front door disturbed her thoughts and she was a little surprised to see a man in his early twenties, who seemed much too young to be the father of the two children she was to mind.

"I'm Elaine Webster. I've come from the McGill Agency," she said. "I . . ."

Behind him two shrill voices drowned her words.

"What's she like, Tim? Is she a dragon, like you said? Does she spit fire and flames?"

"I told you two to stay in bed," admonished the man, and then he turned to Elaine. "They don't seem to take much notice of what I tell them. I suppose I spoil them. I'm their uncle. The boy is Martin and the girl is Matilda. They're twins."

"But not," said Martin carefully, "'concentrical.' I mean we're as different as different can be. I like rice pudding and Matilda doesn't, and Matilda's fair and I'm dark . . . and Loris said she hoped there wouldn't be too many women at the party. She said so. Truly she did. And John said he hoped there would be."

"Loris and John are the parents," the uncle explained. "They've gone already. And, as you can see, everything is straightforward here. Christian names, no repressions, no dissimulations, and everything factual and scientific. I wonder if you can manage them."

"I teach at a kindergarten," said Elaine. "I manage thirty like them every day."

"Heavens!" He looked at her with awe.

"They'll be quite all right with me now," said Elaine, "if you want to go."

He hesitated.

"I'm not sure whether I ought to go out," he said doubtfully. "You see, the puppy's ill. We're hoping it isn't distemper, but the vet. is coming in the morning. The pup's pretty miserable and needs a bit of coddling."

The twins still hung over the banisters.

"He's crying dreadfully," said Matilda.

"Poor little thing," said Elaine, who could faintly hear the puppy's pathetic whimperings. Then she added gently, "Your uncle will go out to him now and I'll come up and tuck you into bed."

She took them firmly by the hand.

"Perhaps"—Martin sat straight up in bed—"perhaps Flora's hungry." It was a solution that came easily to his masculine mind.

"Who's Flora?" Elaine straightened the bedclothes and looked around for a book with the tattered binding and crumpled leaves that would show it was a favorite. She would just read them one chapter.

"Flora's the puppy," said Matilda.

"After the dog in 'Swiss Family Robinson,'" explained Martin. "We had one called Turk, but he died of distemper."

"So," chimed in Matilda, "we didn't want bad luck with another Turk, so John said we would call him Flora. He'd never know it wasn't a 'he' name and have a better chance."

"I see," said Elaine, who didn't quite.

"We can still hear him crying," Martin said dolefully, "he's in the sleep-out."

"Couldn't we just go down and try to make him happy for a bit? He likes us." Matilda looked at Elaine uncertainly. She decided they would settle down better if she agreed.

When they went into the sleep-out they found the young man looking disconsolately at the tiny puppy in his lap. It looked up at them pathetically and made a heroic effort to wag its tail.

"The poor little thing." Elaine started forward and cuddled the whimpering puppy in her arms. Its long tongue flicked out affectionately to lick her cheek and soon it became quieter.

At that moment the doorbell rang shrilly.

"That'll be Diane. You'd better get cracking, Tim," Matilda said ominously.

In a few moments he returned with Diane. She was wearing an exquisite short evening frock of stiff bronze tie-silk, with a fur stole over her shoulders. Her dark hair shone and her make-up was perfect. She took in every detail of Elaine's home-made skirt and blouse and Elaine hated her on sight.

"I won't be long," Tim was saying to her. "I've got to see this poor little chap settled for the night before I can come. Oh . . ." he saw Diane gazing at Elaine, "this is Miss Webster . . . she's coming to look after the kids tonight."

Diane nodded shortly.

"I do think it's too bad of you to be late when Dad's lent us the car," she said crossly.

Tim looked doubtfully at the puppy.

"Why not let me look after him?" Elaine saw that he would be in for a stormy evening if he kept Diane waiting. "I'm quite good with dogs."

Diane glanced coldly at her and Elaine felt herself relegated to the dowdy-horsy-doggy classification.

"I'd feel better if I could stay and help," said Tim earnestly.

"Oh, don't be silly." Diane thrust her arm through his. "There's no need for you to stay. Miss . . . er . . . Webster looks quite capable of managing a dog."

"It's not that . . ." Tim started to protest, but his words trailed off uncertainly as Diane edged him towards the door.

. . . . .

Two evenings later Elaine had no engagement, and, although she tried to concentrate on the jumper she was knitting, she simply could not get Flora and the twins . . . and Tim . . . out of her mind.

Her dislike of Diane had been confirmed by the artless prattling of the children.

"Oh, Diane's mad," Matilda had said.

Martin's verdict was that she was a "stinker," and Elaine's mild reproof had not induced him to break it down.

Both agreed that Uncle Tim was "terr-IF-ic." He was just staying with them for a while. He built bridges and things.

She was trying to tell herself to forgot all about it and not to be silly when the doorbell rang. When she opened the door she was surprised to see Martin and Matilda, hopping impatiently from one foot to the other. They both started talking at once.

"He's worser . . . you were so good with him . . . you told us where you lived . . . we thought . . . Matilda was frightened because it was dark . . I wasn't . . . you were . . . I wasn't . . ."

She gradually got them to tell a coherent story.

"We thought," said Matilda breathlessly, "that as Flora is so dreadfully ill, p'raps you'd come and baby-sit for him and look after him. You were so good with him."

Elaine knelt down and put her arms round the two worried little children. "Did you tell Mummy . . . Loris . . . or anyone that you were coming here?"

They shook their heads vigorously, so she rang the Andersons to say she was bringing them home.

Arriving at the house, the twins hurried her past their agitated parents and led her to the puppy. Once again it was on Tim Anderson's lap, but its silky coat looked harsh and lustreless and it did not even raise its eyes.

"You MUST do something," said Martin.

"It's distemper." Tim Anderson's eyes were as distressed as the children's. "The vet. has ordered these sulpha tablets every three hours and he won't keep them down."

He did not seem surprised to see her. Like the twins he looked to her for help.

"Butter," said Elaine. "Just half a teaspoonful." Martin rushed to the kitchen.

She took the puppy on her lap. Carefully she rolled the tablet in butter and then, thrusting a finger and thumb between the puppy's sharp teeth, she slipped it on its tongue.

Gently she held Flora's jaws together and stroked his throat. After a few minutes the puppy struggled a little, ducked its head as it swallowed the tablet.

"See?" she said softly. "It's gone down."

Three hours later she gave Flora another tablet, waited until he was asleep, and then decided she must go home.

"I'll come with you," said Tim.

"There's really no need," she protested, "it's only a little way."

"But I'd love to," he insisted.

Perhaps she should have been firm in her refusal because, now that she was no longer needed for Flora, she felt the figure of Diane between them . . .

"I'm most awfully grateful for the help you've given. Flora probably owes his life to you," he said as they walked slowly home.

"No"—she shook her head deprecatingly—"I didn't do much. You'd have managed."

"I couldn't. The twins knew that. That's why they rushed to you. Flora seemed to know you were trying to help him, too. You have a wonderful instinct.

"The twins think you're simply Christmas," he added warmly. There was a queer, momentary silence and once again Elaine felt the figure of Diane between them. Almost as if he felt the same, he said, "Diane doesn't get on with the twins."

"Or Flora, either."

"No." His voice was grave. "Do you know what Flora did the first time they met?"

"Barked at her," she guessed.

"No. Much worse. He jumped up at her and laddered her nylons." His voice was comically tragic. "She'll never forgive him. And the twins laughed, and she'll never forgive them, either. You know——"

Elaine maintained a diplomatic silence.

Suddenly he stopped dead.

"Heck!" he exclaimed. "I clean forgot. I was to pick Diane up at eight. We were going for a drive." He looked at his watch. "It's half-past ten now."

"You'll be two hours and a half late," said Elaine. It was hard not to show a momentary, deep-seated satisfaction at the thought of Diane, for once, playing second fiddle . . . even if Flora were the cause. But her innate kindliness prevailed. "Don't bother to come any farther with me. And thank you for coming so far."

He stood uncertainly for a moment and then the worried frown changed into the smile that was so charming . . . the smile that had made her heart turn somersaults the first time she had seen him.

"I suppose," he said, and they fell into step, side by side, once more, "I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. I'll ring later."

"You can always blame it all on to Flora," said Elaine demurely.

"I'm not so sure that I can." He studied her in the light of the nearby street lamp. Elaine could see his face clearly, and this time, in place of agitation, there was a look that made her feel most absurdly happy.

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My heart and Madrigal

CAREY used to tell me that when he inherited Madrigal he was more horrified than pleased. The great, lovely place had come to him in a direct line from a Brooke of Elizabethan days, but Carey was far too poor to think of living there.

His predecessor had camped out in the kitchen quarters and eked out an existence by acting as guide to visitors at half a crown a head; the park-land was let for grazing and the gardens, except for a small vegetable plot, were an untended wilderness.

Carey already had his own career—after Cambridge he had become a master at at boys' school—and while he glumly considered the ghostly, forlorn loveliness of Madrigal it occurred to him that it might be possible to combine his career with his disturbing inheritance, and with the aid of the Board of Education he transformed Madrigal into a school.

That was where I came in; I was one of his original staff. I took music, organising the school choir and the orchestra and teaching those who wished to learn how to play the piano and the violin. I had been at Madrigal for five years before I began to have my doubts about everything—about myself, about Carey, and about what we were making of the school.

It was a co-educational school, very expensive, very exclusive; we were, in fact, all completely rigid with snobbery. The boarders were looked after by matron and the domestic staff, and except for Carey, who had his own quarters in the house, the rest of us lived out in Madrigal village.

Long ago the village had existed merely to house the retainers—in this modern world of speed and council houses it looked like something out of a picture book, hidden away on its by-road with the cottages of cream stone clustered about the great iron gates of the mansion on which they had depended; still depended, in a way, for Carey's venture had brought new prosperity to the little place.

Not only did we all lodge there, but the butcher, the baker, and other tradesmen served Madrigal, and, as though they were bound by some ancient feudal loyalty, there were always men willing to work in the gardens and women to help in the house.

That was Madrigal when Desmond arrived there—prosperous and contented; we were all very happy, feeling ourselves vastly superior to the crude, loud world outside our gates—the world of rush and bustle and modernity.

Desmond appeared in reply to Carey's advertisement for a master for games and physical training—not that Carey was very enthusiastic about athletics, but in view of the enormous fees which he charged he knew that he had to do something to pander to the modern idea. I was a little astonished when I first saw Desmond, and I believe Carey, too, was astonished and dismayed at what he had done. "Whatever made me choose him?" he muttered, as we idled one summer evening on the grassed forecourt where Elizabethans had walked.

"Why not?" I said, suppressing my own doubts and driven by the perverseness which lately Carey seemed to rouse in me. "I think he's rather nice."

"Oh, my dear," Carey protested in a stifled voice, "look at him." Desmond came towards us down the shallow steps of the terrace, between link posts of wrought-iron. He was quite young, much younger than either Carey or myself, and for a moment as I watched him I felt as though I had been at Madrigal for a hundred years, or as though I were a ghost left over from those Elizabethan days.

His yellow hair grew in a kind of quiff in front, his cheeks were brown and smooth like a brown eggshell—I glanced involuntarily at Carey's aesthetic pallor and noticed, too, that his hair was beginning to recede from his temples.

"Just look at him," he muttered. "I can't think what came over me." I knew what he meant; Desmond was gay as a cockatoo against the muted background of Madrigal. He wore a sports jacket of loud and cheerful and quite dreadful color, a flamboyant tie flowed down his shirt front, seeming somehow wider and longer than any tie I had ever seen.

Again I made an involuntary comparison with Carey, whose faultless tweeds were usually sage-grey, or dim heather, or minutely specked in orange and green like mignonette, melting into the landscape.

I wore the same kind of colors myself. I had got into that way at Madrigal—soft half-tones, nothing crude, nothing primary—and again looking at Desmond I had that dreadful moment of feeling an aged ghost, a shadow, shadow colored—even the red roses which climbed the wall surrounding the forecourt were a loud shout and an intrusion.

"Gosh, what a place," said Desmond, lounging up to us with a kind of lanky grace, hands in his trousers pockets.

"Exquisite, isn't it?" murmured Carey. He rarely spoke above a murmur, but I knew that he was gratified as he always was when anyone admired Madrigal.

Desmond grinned at us. "Well, I suppose it is. But it's all a bit creepy, isn't it? And what do you do with yourself here after school? I've had a squint at the village, and it seems a one-eyed sort of place—no flicks, are there?"

"There's a cinema at Madrigal Major, if you like that sort of thing," said Carey austerely. "Most of us are quite happy without it."

I had one of my moments of disliking Carey. I admitted that I, too, was an affected snob, Madrigal had made me that way—but surely I wasn't quite so blatant about it?

"Where are you living?" I said to Desmond. "I heard you were with Mrs. Leonard . . ."

He nodded. "Yes—oh, the digs are all right. Smashing girl there," he added with an appreciative grin. "Ella, I think they call her. Prettiest girl I've seen for a long time."

A short story by VERA GRIFFITHS

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"She does outside work here. I believe she works in the greenhouses," said Carey repressively, but Desmond was not at all repressed. "Sort of land girl, hm? I expect she's fun, she looks like a good sort."

Carey dismissed Ella Leonard. "Perhaps you would care to come to our music group this evening? We are exploring Elizabethan music—Hilary here is our guide. We have several recorders and a viola da gamba and . . ."

"No, thank you," said Desmond with a cheerful shudder. "Not my cup of tea at all. You ought to get them into square-dancing—bags of room for it in that great hall—the kids would love it. Well, I'll be getting along to the digs. I haven't really unpacked yet. Be seeing you."

He swung away with that long, graceful stride and Carey turned a shocked face to me.

"What can have possessed me? I must have been out of my mind. He isn't our type at all. So brash, so crude, really quite common. Excellent diplomas for athletics, of course, and he has played county cricket—I suppose all that must have persuaded me. He hasn't even the veneer of culture of the other university."

For Carey there were only two, Oxford and Cambridge, all other universities were cast into a negligible limbo. I had often heard the lofty phrase, "the other university," and usually by now it left me unmoved, but that evening I was for some reason acutely irritated.

"You must take him in hand, wean him from his grossness," I said, meaning to be heavily sarcastic, but Carey took me seriously.

"Indeed yes, that's just what I must do. Raw material—I've never come across anything quite so raw as Desmond—but in a month or two I have no doubt but that we shall have moulded him to the pattern of Madrigal."

"Not 'we,'" I said shortly. "Count me out. I like him as he is." He looked faintly surprised, but only faintly, for he never allowed himself to be violently disturbed and that, too, irritated me. I wished that I could prod him into a display of natural human temper.

Nevertheless, because I usually tagged along with Carey I found myself being involved in the education of Desmond. It was arduous work at first because Desmond showed no desire to be educated. Deprived of "flicks" unless he made the ten-mile journey to Madrigal Major, he spent the summer evenings playing tennis, coaching cricket, bathing in the pool.

With his coming there was a renaissance of sporting activities at Madrigal, for he was wildly popular. The girls had "crushes" and swooned at the sight of him and the boys followed him about like a pack of faithful hounds. I suppose he was like a sea breeze in our windless, sedate tranquillity.

We were staging that summer an opening performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and we managed to drag him into that as prompt.

"Silly business, if you ask me," he confided to me. "I mean, these kids, they want to play about after school, not mess around with Shakespeare, they get enough of that during school hours; anyway, living here is like living in a Shakespearian play."

"But they like it," I assured him, and he gave me a sideways grin.

"That's what you think. You should hear some of them. They'd much rather be playing tennis or doing high dives into the pool."

I stifled the suspicion that he might be right. Our annual open-air performance of a Shakespearian play was becoming a part of the tradition of the school—the county came from miles around to see the performance.

"No, they like it," I insisted. "Ask them, they'd tell you they like it."

"I have asked them," he replied with that mischievous twinkle.

Still he appeared faithfully at rehearsals and afterwards we used to take him along to the Madrigal Arms, which

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As I hurried along I heard a chuckle of laughter which I recognised as Desmond's, and in the half light I saw two figures very close together.

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Continuing . . . .

My Heart and Madrigal

from page 9

was very self-consciously and smugly Elizabethan, though you could not quite put your finger on what was wrong with it.

Oddly, I thought, as we sat there one evening, until Desmond appeared I had not thought that there was anything wrong with it. I had, in fact, always been quite lyrical in my appreciation of it.

"Quaint old place," Desmond remarked with a disparaging glance at the dark beams. "Funny how people go for this phony olde-worlde stuff."

"I assure you there's nothing phony about the Arms," said Carey coldly. "Those are actually the original beams."

"Well, I suppose it's too original for me," said Desmond. "Give me an honest pub—you know, all gilt and glitter."

Carey gave the patient smile which told me that he was trying to remember his mission and be patient.

"But it is surely pleasant to reflect that our Elizabethan forebears drank their ale here."

"If you're interested in your Elizabethan forebears," said Desmond. "Personally, I'm not. I prefer A.D. 1953."

It was a little discouraging, but all the same we flattered ourselves that there were signs of improvement. He joined our Film Club, where we saw foreign films.

"Though mind you I don't think they're in the same street as a good American film," he remarked. "I can't think what all the fuss is about—though, of course, there are loads of people who think anything foreign is good just because it's foreign."

I let that one go, because it was one of those innocently shrewd remarks of his which came perilously near to being true.

I was thrilled when he told me that he would like to learn to play the recorder.

"But, Desmond, of course, how wonderful," I cried, and he gave me a rather sour grin.

"Don't get excited—I'm not a convert. It's only because there's nothing else to do."

"Oh, but you'll enjoy it," I said.

"Sez you," replied Desmond doubtfully.

"You know we really are beginning to make an impression," Carey said when I reported the latest success. "Have you noticed a faint dawn, an awakening interest, a willingness to listen? We'll make something of our Desmond yet."

I was inclined to agree with him, but that contrariness which Carey roused in me made me argue.

"If we want him different. I told you before, I always thought he was rather nice as he was."

Carey gave me the smile which barely moved his lips. "All nice and hearty. The rugged forward type. All beef and brawn."

"That's what I like," I insisted obstinately, and quite untruthfully. We were walking in the summer dusk between the hedges of dwarf clipped lavender where in the daytime the bees swarmed and buzzed; now there was silence and the lavender was a grey shadow, unperfumed until you crushed it in your hand. Carey stopped abruptly, his fingers closed with astonishing strength on my wrist, he drew me towards him.

"Do you?" he said with a little ironic smile. "Do you really, Hilary?" I looked up and met his eyes. I saw the tender twist of that smile and in that moment of stillness we almost broke through the cultivated restraint which held us.

If I had moved a little, only a very little, towards him, or sighed, or said his name, I think I should have been in his arms, but I stood bound within the cocoon of well-bred reserve which Madrigal—and Carey himself—had wound around me. I said nothing, and the moment was gone and he dropped my wrist and gave a little half-laugh and said lightly,

"You don't, you know, not really."

The next evening Desmond sent a note explaining that he had an engagement and could not come for his recorder lesson. I was not unduly bothered, though I wondered what engagement he could have at Madrigal. When I saw him the next day he did not explain but announced abruptly that he would not be coming for any more lessons.

"But why?" I said a little crossly, since I felt that the recorder lessons were my own share in the rehabilitation of Desmond. "You're getting on so well."

"Oh, too busy," he said airily, but he avoided my eye and went away very quickly.

Then he did not come to the film show, and he was not to be found when Carey and I wanted to take him for a cultural session at the Madrigal Arms.

"But what on earth is he doing with himself?" said Carey. "Every evening he completely disappears, he's not to be found anywhere."

"He says he's busy," I said, a little flatly, for I was beginning to suspect that Desmond had tried our way of life and found it insupportably dull.

"Busy?" Carey scoffed. "What has he got to be busy about?" I could not answer, for I did not know and Desmond himself, though as usual immensely cheerful, had in some curious way withdrawn himself from us so that it was impossible to question him.

During the daytime we heard his voice, cracking out commands in the gym, hustling the young ladies and gentlemen of Madrigal as they had never before been hustled; we heard shouts of laughter from the bathing-pool and it occurred to me that before Desmond came the children had never been so noisy—so much like real children was my original thought, but I suppressed it: we heard Desmond on the tennis courts, startling the prim shades with a regretable shout:

"Smash it, you silly ass, smash it!"

But every evening he disappeared, leaving no clue. I suppose if we had been more like natural normal human beings we should have guessed, but as it was we *simply* wondered and pondered and brooded moodily over our failure—until one evening when I was hurrying along the shrubbery path on my way to my lodgings I heard a murmur of voices and a hushed chuckle of laughter which I recognised as Desmond's, and in the half-light I saw two figures standing very close together.

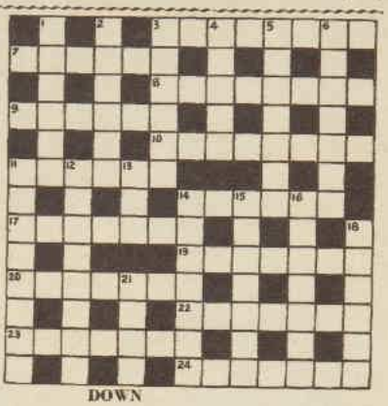
I hurried on, averting my eyes, shocked, dismayed, realising that I had the answer to the mystery, but even then not fully realising its enormity.

Desmond was going out with a girl—that was what kept him so busy; nothing wrong about that, I told myself, no reason for being shocked—I wouldn't acknowledge that I had been envious of those intimate murmurs and that warm, soft chuckle of laughter.

Carey frowned when I told him about it. "But who can she be? There are no girls around here." He looked at me with horror—"Unless—it couldn't

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

3. They open when the sun is shining (8).
7. Pollute a gorge (6).
8. "There is ..... in odd numbers." (The Merry Wives of Windsor — Shakespeare) (8).
9. Why get sad when a play is produced? (6).
10. Good port for an old sailor (6).
11. Interfere with yours truly, a prelate and the French (6).
14. Human being through a male descendant (6).
17. Biblical figures (7).
19. This is impenetrably hard (7).
20. Not particular soldier (7).
22. Hire cat in confusion for an antidote (7).
23. Ida turns with an attitude for effect and becomes fatty (7).
24. Performances of religious acts could be a trial with us (7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Coin about the middle (6).
2. Here the middle is formed by a famous dean when burnt on the surface (6).
3. Deal out in small quantities (6).
4. "A lying ..... by the door, A nightingale in the sycamore" (R. L. Stevenson) (5).
5. Mohammedan monks (7).
6. Famous cathedral which is never in time, though it hurried (7).
11. This could be gammon or your initials interwoven in a pattern (8).
12. Neat dime (Anagr. 8).
13. False statement, but may be true in golf (3).
14. Postscript to change a book containing the nineteenth book of the Old Testament (7).
15. Touchstone concerning a representative (7).
16. Nothing in a knocked-about car but a musical instrument (7).
18. Clues staffs (6).
21. Othello could have had this chamber when turned (4).



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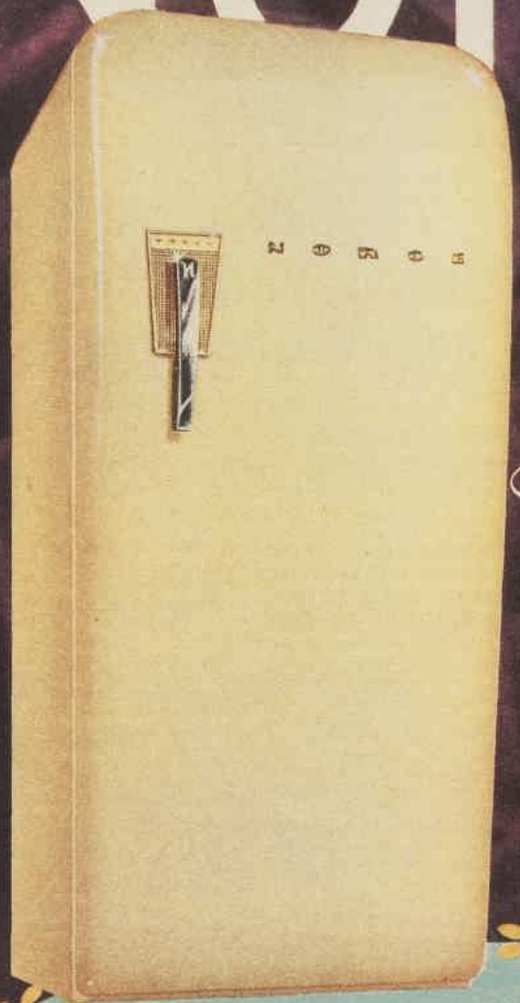
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Pt. 44. WW143a

HOME OF MEMORIES



GEORGE REGAN, acrobat and comedian of the once famous vaudeville team of Regan and Ryan, points with pride to heavy billing of an old theatre poster to comedian-dancer-singer George Desmond. Both have been to Australia. Regan went out for Harry Rickards in 1903 and again for Williamsons in 1913.

Royal Variety Show profits help former music-hall stars

Fame is a wine that does not keep. A ten-year-old theatre bill is enough to tell you this; already it is poignant with half-forgotten names. But Show Business, though notoriously tough, still has a long memory for its own oldtimers. In Britain it supports nearly 300 old variety artists alone.

MOST of the rich and the fashionable who roll up yearly to the Royal Variety Performance, the most splendid event of the theatrical year, scarcely know where the 20 guineas they have paid for each circle seat will go. They are interested in two things: a Royal occasion and a vast programme of the greatest current stars in entertainment.

In fact, the huge box-office take from this brilliant show goes mostly to people they've never heard of.

Out of this one show alone comes enough to keep a home going for the oldest and poorest old-time vaudevillians, with something over to help hundreds more.

To go into the home for these old-time variety folk is not only to walk into the long-ago, but also to walk into an atmosphere as strongly flavored with character and humor as the world of Walt Disney.

Some of the old folk here were stage hits when Victoria was on the throne. Others, like Emmie Knott, now a gracious, stately 79, made many an Edwardian dandy her slave when she high-kicked among the Tiller Girls.

On the day I turned up at the home at Twickenham, a 97-year-old lady put on her best dress—a dazzling floral silk—topped it with an ermine tippet and a snood about her grey hair, and with jewellery clinking on her wrists she tottered out to do honor to a member of the public.

The Victorian world knew this frail old creature as Angie Montague, principal boy of pantomime, ballet-dancer and singer, also described by critics in the late 19th century as "a dashing serio-comic."

Said the matron, Mrs. Hogland, a brisk Scot, "Angie always dresses up in spectacular costume. She makes them all herself, says she has always made it her business to dress the part."

Angie Montague cupped her hand to her ear and beamed. She rummaged in her bag. "All my love-letters are in here," she smiled. But she produced instead a sheaf of faded Press clippings, smoothed them out on the table with a wrinkled, beringed hand. "Look there . . . see . . . I've done everything from sheer burlesque . . . circus work . . . individual acts in music-halls . . . right down to straight parts in panto . . . been all over the world, too.

"Eh? The part I'm proudest of? Well, that was in 1884, at Eastbourne. I played the title part in 'Boy Blue' at less than three hours' notice. Word perfect, I was. I hadn't understudied it, either, young man."

There are a dozen old ladies living in the rambling old mansion at Twickenham. They include a trick cyclist, a cornet player, former ballet-dancers, popular singers—and one, the famous Flo Hastings, who treasures letters from the late Queen Mary and who was a great music-hall star of fifty years ago.

Flo is 84, but plump and lively and full of reminiscence. She still bangs out a repertoire of songs on the upright piano in the home. "I've been all over the world," she told me, "twice to Africa and Australia and New Zealand. I've done everything music-hall—mimicry, singing, character-acting, playing the piano.

"In my day I've done six turns a night in London. Been Principal Boy in more than fifty pantomimes. The thing I remember most about Australia is that wonderful, wonderful public. And that hospitality. You'll find a lot who have been out there in their day and loved it."



IN A CORNER by himself Irishman Frank O'Dell follows the world's doings with a magnifying glass. Song sung by Frank O'Dell was famous in its day—"The Lovely Isle of the Saints." It was in the times when famous songs were associated with the singers and were their copyright.

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. . . VAUDEVILLE'S OLDTIMERS



COMMENTS of the old ladies on television force a smile from Matron Hogland, watching from behind. They are severe critics of modern variety. At right is Angie Montague, who at 97 still dresses spectacularly in clothes she makes herself.

By
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

The ladies live four to a room in this large old house which was rescued from debt and a huge mortgage by 600 leading theatre folk.

In the hall, flanked with busts of the theatrical great, is a gold-printed roll of honor of "The Noble Six Hundred" who dipped into their purses and helped to buy the home.

One of the founders was G. W. Desmond. Now he is himself an inmate of the home, for he fell on hard times. Australians may remember him from the 'twenties as "Dismal Desmond." A cheerful, energetic little man, he appointed himself my guide around the grounds at Twickenham, hailing his mates and bringing them over to talk.

"I broadcast in Sydney for four years as Dismal Desmond," he said, puffing at his pipe. "That was in the late 'twenties.

"I'll tell you who was on the radio station in Sydney when I was doing my Dismal Desmond act—a bright young feller called Wilfrid Thomas.

"I was a fool ever to come back from Australia. I'd have liked to settle there. Some place like Adelaide—a lovely city with everything. Hills, sea, sunshine. Ah well!" He smiled and relit his pipe. "It could be worse. Here we have no worries. The food's fine. I can get into the local cinemas around here three times a week for free—just by showing my pension card.

"On Saturday nights I go up to London for a bit of fun, have a noggin in a few of the theatre pubs. I read lots of books, too—Jeffery Farnol, and every one of Mickey Spillane's I can get hold of."

The men share a common-room separately from the ladies. The matron reports not even a flirtation.

In fact, they choose to mix very little. A lifetime in the theatre has turned them into strong individualists; they have no special cronies or cliques, prefer mostly to sit alone, the men smoking, gazing out of the window, strolling in the grounds, wrapped in their private worlds.

The 97-year oldest lady sits and plans her new dresses with an absorbed and secret smile, the world shut out, perhaps kindly, through deafness. Another, a Great Star, confides to the visitor that she is the only real star at present surviving there. "But we've had a lot through here," she concedes. "There was Alice Lemar. She was the girl of the song 'Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back.' Of course, nowadays anybody can sing a popular song.

"In the old days, before the publishers sold them free, it was the stars who made the songs. Nobody else was allowed to sing them. Now any tuppeny crooner can murder the most beautiful song."

But to see the critical faculty of the oldtimers at its keenest pitch I had to see them around the television set, watching a modern variety show. When it came down to the business they knew so well the comment from these gentle old souls was blistering. "Look at that dreary young man! . . . Did you ever see such clumsy timing? . . . Dancing, you call that dancing? . . . I've seen circus elephants do better!"

The instinct that drew them to the lights is still there. The memory of applause still warms them. Any visitor who remotely embodies that magical thing, the public, an audience, is seized with delight.

My favorite was the lady trick-cyclist. She won my heart with the mischief in her face and the old-time photographs of herself as a buxom young girl supporting four sisters on various parts of her body while she steered an old penny-farthing bike.

She hobbled forward from a doorway, leaning on her stick to say good-bye; Mrs. Emma Leaurence, holding a bunch of vaudeville snaps of herself in ringlets, tights, high-button boots, and the same cheeky smile. "When the doctor came on his weekly rounds and saw these photos of me carrying a whole family on my back on that bike he said, 'Hum — no wonder you've got arthritis!'

"I said to him, 'If that's all I've got, I'm a very lucky old woman. I'd like to see you do a troupe-balancing act on a penny-farthing for all those years and get off so lightly. 'Tisn't like falling off one of those sissy modern bikes.'

"Me, don't ask me the big things I remember. It's the funny things. Like the time our act went to Blackpool. There was a very hoity-toity big comic in the bill, who claimed more time on stage, so that the manager cut the time of our own act.

"When the comedian went on, he hogged the stage and ran over time for another seven minutes. The manager rushed up to us in a panic. He held up three fingers. 'Three minutes, girls—that's all you can have!'

"I'll fix him, I thought. I ran on with my bike, waved hullo to the audience, then started blowing them good-bye kisses and ran off. At the wings I yelled out to them, 'Sorry—that's all the time we've got!' "



TOM O'CONNOR, 82, character comedian, who has been in the home for old variety artists for 20 years, talks of the grand tours with Thomas Edward Conover, 84, who has travelled the world as comedian, dancer, and acrobat.



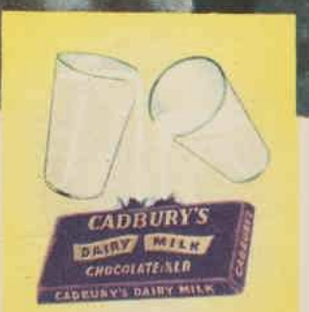
WILLY BLACK, Scots comedian, and Neve Roberts hold an inquest on the day's news. Life at the home is leisurely, and old-time vaudevillians rarely follow any special interest. Apart from that, they sit around quietly or walk down to the local cinemas.

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Worth Reporting

LOIS THOMSON, wife of Australia's Peter Thomson, the new British Open golf champion, believes that what golfers need are "golf wives" not "golf widows."

Just after Peter's victory, she told one of our reporters in London that she believed in going along with her husband in his travels and taking their two-months-old baby Deidre along with them.

And what is more, this 22-year-old Melbourne girl makes crossing continents, living out of suitcases, and tramping around golf courses seem like fun.

When Peter leaves soon for the United States, Lois and Deidre will go along with him. Lois will then return to Australia for a few months while her husband is playing exhibition matches all over the world.

As soon as she arrives back in Melbourne, Lois intends to take up golf again.

"I used to have a handicap," she said, "but haven't been able to play for 18 months, so I shall need plenty of practice. In any case, I think one professional in the family is enough."

The family will be reunited early next year, when Lois plans to join Peter in the United States to begin their travels again.

Baby Deidre, who was recently christened in London, was born a few weeks before father arrived in England.

During the qualifying rounds of the Open tournament, Peter was so interested in her progress that he sneaked off the course practically between strokes, and at least between holes, to see how she was getting on in the car.

Lois' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bauer, who are also visiting England, took their turn at minding Deidre.



"Don't be silly—it's not the spilled milk she's crying about."

Like sisters, they never fight

ONE of the smoothest running partnerships we've yet encountered is that between visiting Belgian soprano Suzanne Danco and her Italian secretary-companion Contessa Maria Luisa Hercolani.

The contessa supplies the business brains of the combination.

She handles tour schedules, arranges hotel bookings, and manages—no easy task—to keep a constant, watchful eye on Miss Danco's health.

"Maria and I have known each other for many years," Miss Danco said. "We have travelled round Europe and America together for the past four years, and that is a test for any friendship. Do we ever fight?

"No-o-o, really we don't fight, we are like sisters. But Maria sometimes will fight with me. When the weather looks bad and I don't want to take an umbrella, or when I don't feel like eating, or when I'm tired, then she fights with me a little."

The contessa's brisk comment: "Me, I **never** fight. I am too philosophical to fight. I **advise.**"

Mr. Jones minus glamor

A FEW of our girlish illusions about Hollywood glamor received a sharp jolt when we met visiting American singer Allan Jones.

The normally dapper star of stage, screen, and television received us in the sitting-room of his Sydney hotel suite rugged to the ears in a woolly dressing-gown, unshaven, hollow-eyed, his mellow tenor husky with cold.

His cold seemed to command most of Mr. Jones' attention—we can't blame him, it was a very bad cold, indeed—and he seemed in no mood for light conversation.

Between sneezes, coughs, and a couple of intensive bouts of pill-taking, we managed to find out that Mr. Jones is 46 years of age and a grandfather.

"And believe me," he told us, "this morning I feel like a grandfather."

One of the few bright spots on his immediate horizon was a phone call he'd received from his devoted admirer and pen pal, Mrs. Doris Audsley, of Coogee, N.S.W.

Mrs. Audsley is a Jones fan of 17 years' standing. She has seen all his pictures, collected his records, and corresponded with the singer and his family for ten years.

We were present later when Mrs. Audsley met Mr. Jones.

"Hello, Doris," Mr. Jones said, "imagine all these years and I've never met you until now; you're just the way I thought you'd be."

He cooed over Mrs. Audsley's seven-months-old baby, Kevin ("he's not as big as my grandson"), and shook hands with Mrs. Audsley's husband, Bruce.

Mrs. Audsley admitted it had been a big occasion.

"It was just like meeting an old family friend," she said.

"He's just the way I thought he'd be."

Our Jigsaw Story Contest

There is still time for you to enter for our £2000 Jigsaw Story Contest, for which entries close on August 25.

BY sending us a story or dialogue of 350 to 500 words you may win first prize of £1000 or any of the other cash prizes which total £1000.

Your entry must be composed from sentences or phrases extracted from eight consecutive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, dated from June 16 to August 4; so if you have kept the last five issues, look through them for story material and further details of the contest.

All these issues are still available if you have not the complete set.

Your "prefabricated" sentences may come from any part of the paper, including advertisements, but add nothing to the original words. Use no phrase containing fewer than eight words. Complete sentences may be of any length and you may use several consecutive sentences if you wish.

Remember that each extract must bear the number of the page and the date of the issue from which you took it. Send as many entries as you wish but enclose a coupon with each one.

If you want to give your story a title, take one from any of the eight issues, and add the page number and date of issue, as with the extracts used for your story.

Address your entries "Jigsaw Story Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may send as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a coupon.

Put your name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry.

The judges will award prizes according to the merits of the entries received.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

JIGSAW STORY CONTEST

July 28, 1954. Paste one coupon on each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own work.

I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

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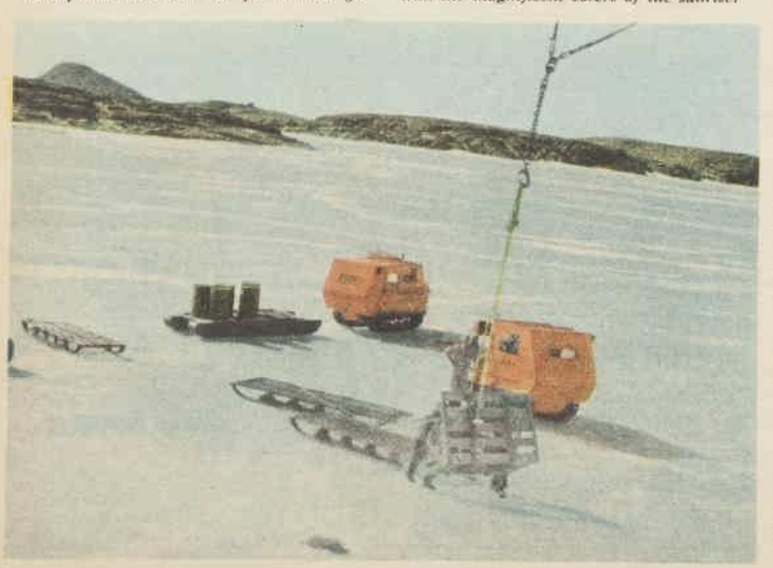
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MAWSON: New Antarctic base



FROZEN SEA of corrugated ice attached to the mainland at Mawson was used by Flight-Lieut. Douglas Leckie as a landing-strip for the R.A.A.F. flight of Auster aircraft that assisted the expedition. Flight-Lieut. Leckie commanded the flight. Members of the R.A.A.F. team wore these specially insulated flying-suits when on duty in the Antarctic.

SUNSET in Antarctica (above) is brilliant and long-lasting. During summer the sunset glow remains in the sky until it merges with the magnificent colors of the sunrise.



SNOW TRANSPORT. Below are the sledges and weasels that take field parties to explore the mainland. Weasels have caterpillar tracks and are painted orange.

Scientists spending year in tiny ice-bound settlement

Australia's newest and most remote outpost is the tiny settlement of Mawson, on the Antarctic continent, which was established last February and is now operating as an important research station and main base for exploration.

TEN scientists and technicians of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition comprise the population of Mawson. They were transported from Australia to the Antarctic in the Danish ice-breaker vessel Kista Dan.

They are the officer-in-charge, Robert Dovers, who is a surveyor, Lem Macey, technical superintendent, Bruce Stinear, geologist, Dr. Robert Summers, medical officer and biologist, John Russell, engineer, Robert Dingle, meteorological observer, Bill Storer, radio operator, William Harvey, carpenter, Jeff Gleadell, cook, and Frenchman George Schwartz, who is an observer.

When the settlement was founded, the director of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition, Mr. Phillip Law, named it Mawson as a tribute to Australia's famous Polar explorer, Sir Douglas Mawson.

Mr. Law later returned to Australia in the Kista Dan.

Australian territory in the Antarctic covers nearly 250,000,000 square miles. The hand-picked team of men doing pioneer exploration work and making scientific and general surveys of the mainland continent are spending a year there.

Biting winds and temperatures between 10 and 15 degrees below zero are some of the discomforts they must edure.

Mawson is situated on solid rock. Behind it is an ice-covered central plateau rising to 6000ft., and in front is the frozen sea. This sea is called "fast" ice and is attached to the mainland until it eventually breaks away and floats out to join the pack ice.

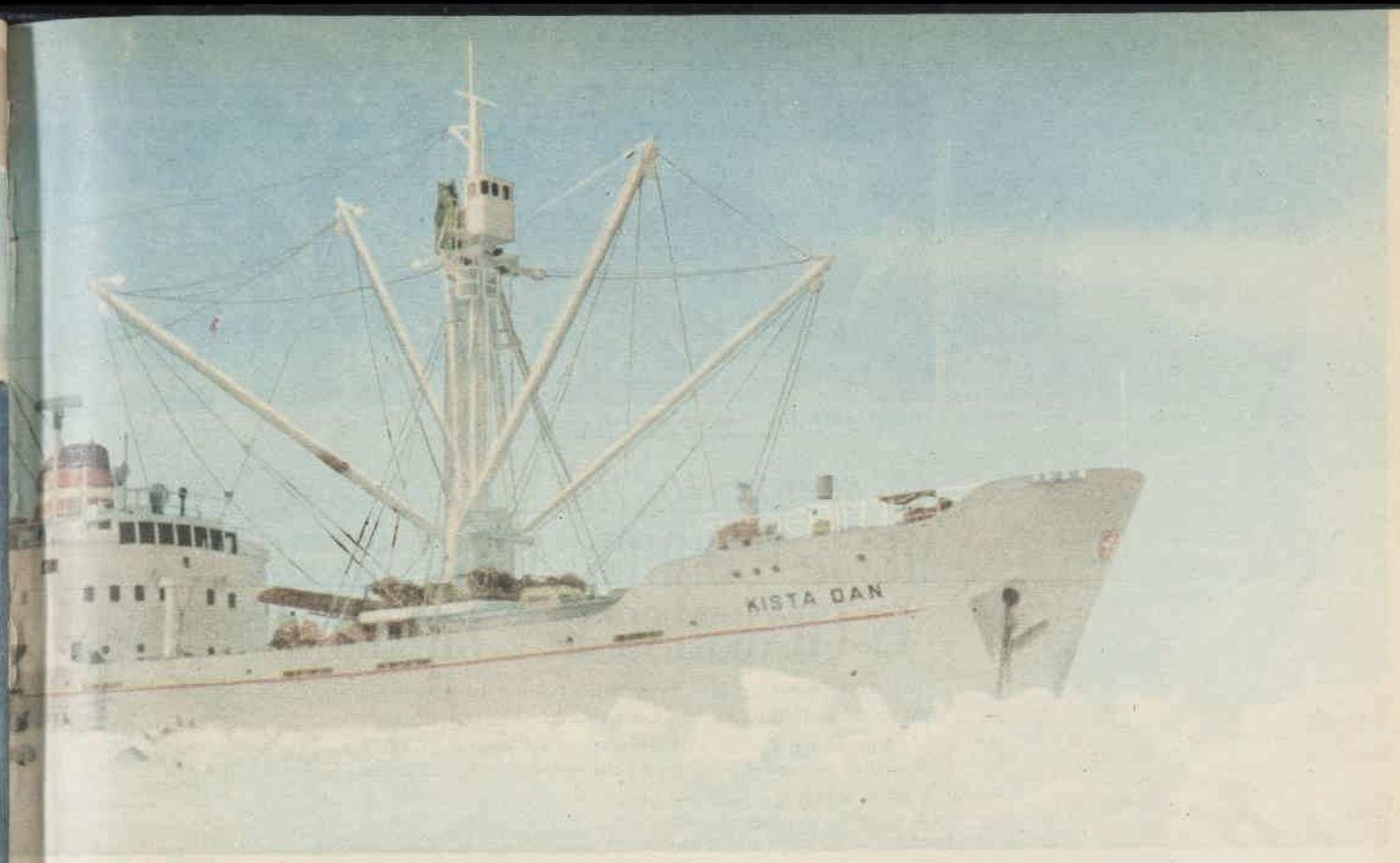
Mawson is the third Antarctic base established by the Australian Government since the war. The others are Macquarie Island and Heard Island.

Heard Island, 1000 miles away, is Mawson's nearest neighbor. The island was settled in 1947, when a research station was established.

An important part of the equipment at Mawson is the team of huskies—the stout-hearted dogs which pull loaded sleds over the ice. Teams of huskies bred at the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition's station at Heard Island were taken in the Kista Dan to Mawson.

The Kista Dan loaded the dogs by swinging them over the side in a derrick. On board during the journey to the Antarctic continent they lived in wired kennels. Now well established at Mawson, they are thriving.

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KISTA DAN is shown making a hazardous journey through the ice. Twenty miles from Mawson, the wind caused pack ice to bank up round the ship in vyce-like wedges. Twenty-five men worked for two days digging and dynamiting ice to free the ship before it could continue the voyage. Pictures on these pages were taken by an expedition member.



OFFICER-IN-CHARGE Robert Dovers (above, hatless), who is spending a year with the expedition on the mainland, talks with a visiting geophysicist, Jim Brooks

COMMANDER of the Kista Dan, Captain H. O. Petersen (below), in one of the expedition's boats off the coast in the Vestfold Hills area, which has no pack ice.





UNHAPPY HUSKY in a sling is hoisted by derrick on board the Kista Dan at Heard Island for the voyage to Mawson, on the Antarctic mainland. Dogs for the expedition were bred at Heard Island.

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LONDON | PARIS, NEW YORK, SYDNEY



BANDLEADER Artie Shaw with interviewers on arrival in Sydney. He will appear in shows in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane.

It seems to me . . .

MUCH-MARRIED ARTIE SHAW IS CHARMING BUT BRUSQUE

After meeting Mr. Artie Shaw, American bandleader, I am not surprised that he has been married seven times.

But hearing him mow interviewers right and left I am not altogether surprised that six of the marriages failed to stay put.

By DOROTHY DRAIN

ARTIE SHAW is a handsome fellow, about 5ft. 11 inches tall, solidly built, and has large, rather melancholy brown eyes.

He has undeniable charm, considerable intelligence, and, I should think, a limited quota of patience.

As the picture on this page shows, he has a pleasant smile, which he uses sparingly. I do not think he would smile often at breakfast.

He is one of four Hollywood stars imported at large expense for "The Big Show" to be staged in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane. The others are drummer Buddy Rich, comedian Jerry Colonna, and singer Ella Fitzgerald.

Originally Messrs. Rich, Colonna, and Shaw were all due to arrive together at Mascot on a Sunday night.

There were about 500 people gathered, a high proportion between the ages of 15 and 19, wearing hoop earrings, carrying square handbags, and chewing more gum between them than is commonly seen in such a concentrated space in Sydney.

Messrs. Rich and Colonna arrived as per schedule. Amiable fellows both of them, they bounded off the plane, posed for pictures, gave the expected answers to questions, and joined a welcoming band of musicians in an impromptu performance.

All the hoop-earrings were expecting Artie Shaw too, but it was announced, shortly before the plane arrived, that he had missed the plane in Honolulu.

Artie, when he arrived next day, promptly denied this. He stayed over in Honolulu, he said, because he met an old Navy friend.

"There was no mystery about it," he added blandly, with the air of a man accustomed to doing what he pleases.

Possibly because of the weather, possibly because of the anti-climax of the second arrival, a slightly depressed hush set in before Artie arrived. Someone went so far as to describe him, nervously, as "austere."

He was wearing a fawn raincoat and a fawn cloth hat, which he steadfastly refused to remove for pictures.

"Smile, Artie, for heaven's sake, smile," pleaded a photographer.

"Say something funny," answered Artie with a slight flicker.

Someone mentioned "bop."

"What do you mean by bop?" asked Artie. "People get these names for things. They don't mean anything."

As I had been boning up, during the day, on the difference between jazz, swing, and "progressive" music (the latter, I am told, is terrific), I didn't know whether to be relieved or sorry when Mr. Shaw showed no sign of carrying the definitions further.

I had noticed, on reading up the Press cuttings of Mr. Shaw's visit to Sydney in 1943, when he was serving with the U.S. Navy, that he had countered a question on "sweater girls" by asking, "What is a sweater girl?"

It is a technique calculated to reduce interviewers to pulp, and is commonly adopted by judges of the Supreme Court.

Later he admitted that Australian audiences and New Zealand audiences (to whom he had played during the war) differed from American audiences. They were "conditioned."

"And what," I asked, seeing the opening, "do you mean by the word 'conditioned'?"

"I mean they're conditioned by what they read," said Mr. Shaw. "If you were young and impressionable, and you read in a paper that people jumped up and down and yelled at concerts, you would jump up and down and yell too. People applaud for the same reason, because it's the accepted thing.

I had two exclusive minutes with Mr. Shaw, and fired the questions that interest women—about his marriages.

Incidentally, he says that he has been married six times, not seven.

"Don't you count the first one?" I asked.

"No, why should I? They didn't," he said.

His first marriage, to an 18-year-old girl called Jane Carns, was annulled, her parents having objected that she was too young.

His best-known wives were Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, and Kathleen ("Forever Amber") Winsor. The others were a nurse, Margaret Allen, and Elizabeth Kern, daughter of Jerome Kern.

Three years ago he married actress Doris Dowling. They have a one-year-old son. He says he believes this marriage will last.

Encouraged by his candid, if sharp, answers to questions, I asked him did he think he was hard to get along with.

"Maybe," he said.

Some of the wives, I went on, had complained that he expected too much of their intellect, that he had tried to make them over. (Lana Turner is said to have described her four-month marriage to Artie Shaw as her "college education.")

"People often try to do that in marriage, as you must know," he said. "I didn't go into marriage lightly. I honestly believed each time that it would work. I was honestly sorry when it didn't."

He spoke sincerely. I believed him.

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REDEX TRIAL



OUR CAR, Narda, Humber Super-Snipe, No. 200 in the Redex round-Australia reliability trial, passes Bullock Head Hill, near Kiandra, on the snow line, 12 hours before our crew finished the 18-day trip at Sydney Showground.

Through fog, slush, snow, over the Alps to Sydney

With a bunch of flowers tied to the radiator of their Humbe Super-Snipe and another garland thrust in through the windo The Australian Women's Weekly Redex crew checked in at th Sydney Showground two minutes ahead of their official time.

As they approached the gate there were calls of "Here come the girls" and "There's the Weekly team" and as the car drew up there was a rush to the windows to shake hands with Enid Nunn at the wheel, Nan Broughton beside her, and Helen Frizell, who sat in the back seat with her last sheaf of papers ready for official signing.

Here is the story of the last days of the trial by Helen Frizell, captain-navigator of the team:

THE worst stretch of the whole trip was over Talbingo Mountain, where we had to negotiate a mass of hairpin bends with a drop of 3000 feet on one side—and no safety fence.

The brakes began to burn and we got a bit worried, but they stuck by us and we got through without any real danger.

It was hair-raising and I don't think any of us would want to go through that again.

Coming out of Melbourne we struck a real London pea-souper and all we could see was the white line in the middle of the road.

Along the Bonang Highway on the Victorian side of the New South Wales border we went through 57 miles of slush, including plenty of hairpin bends that were no joke.

In Melbourne, we had off-loaded all the gear we could spare, leaving ourselves only the clothes we stood up in.

But I held on to a sponge bag and a pair of warm pyjamas—just in case.

If we were going to be stuck in the snow we did not want to be weighed down with typewriters or anything at all that was not useful in such an event.

We thought we did not have much gear but it certainly looked a lot.

The way we "travelled light" was a joke to men com-

By staff reporter
HELEN FRIZELL,
captain-navigator

petitors, and certainly, as we dragged our bags from the car at control points, there was quite a pile of luggage.

Favorite crack from the men was, "Packed your evening dresses and furs?"

Enid Nunn was the driver-mechanic of our team, Nan Broughton the driver, and I was captain-navigator.

The attitude of the men towards our all-women crew was excellent considering there were plenty of opportunities on the trial for ordinary courtesy to wear thin as the weary miles piled up behind competitors and the strain became greater.

The rule of Redex is that a contestant wishing to pass another must first toot his horn, signalling the car ahead to draw to the side when possibl

We deliberately kept to slower pace than the men, s we usually did most of th pulling aside to let them pa

Nor did we ask for any he along the road, but it w offered, and we appreci that.

Near Ceduna, on the way Adelaide, we bogged on gummy stretch of road, an while throwing branches an bags in front of the wheel signalled other cars to pass o pointing to the better side the road and calling to the that we were all right.

A number of them stopp and the crews of four ca hurried back to help us. Pus ing and shoving they got on our way again.

We were very grateful, b cause the delay could have co them precious points, but the disregarded this.

That sort of action is in con trast to that of the drivers o a small imported car wh overtook us several time earlier from the left, causing u to swerve right off the "road" into the bushes at the side o the single track.

We have had the friendlies greetings all along the route and in isolated places the pre ence of women drivers includ ing ourselves aroused great in terest.

At Roy Hill station in West ern Australia a station-hand looked at us in amazement a we pulled up to refuel Narda our Humber Super-Snipe.

"Women," he said, "and white women at that. There aren't many round here!"

We were not around ther long, but drove on as the dawn came, revealing watercourse and a country covered with spiky aromatic bushes, their scent a pleasant change from petrol fumes.

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Crowds cheer our crew

Nan, driving through the night, had had a difficult job because the road went through one creek bed after another.

Making these crossings more hazardous was the fact that trees grow in river beds in the area.

We were terribly tired on the lap, and because of that became irritated by things that earlier had not worried us.

If Nan wasn't worrying where her wallet might be, or Enid fussing about where she might have stowed her camera, I was complaining that my fountain pen or glasses were missing.

The ensuing frantic searches usually resulted in finding that the owner was sitting on the lost object.

The journey from Broome to Port Hedland was along a sandy coastline, where the single-wheel track runs from horizon to horizon.

Then at night we were off to Marble Bar, where at the control, after I signed the route card, I had pushed in my hands a beer bottle filled with piping hot white coffee, a gift from "the ladies of Marble Bar." Nan and Enid also received the same gift with individual packets of home-made biscuits.

When we arrived at Meekatharra, Mrs. Clarence White, president of the local branch of the Country Women's Association, met us and took us to her home. She is the wife of a goldminer and has lived all her life in Meekatharra.

Mrs. White ran baths for us from a chip heater, told us to get out of our dirty boiler suits and then she and her married daughter would put them through the washing-machine.

As a good-luck gift she opened a small box and took from it three pieces of alluvial gold, the size of threepenny pieces, and gave us one each.

Most novel awakening of the trip was at our Perth hotel.

We had asked the proprietor to call us for our 2 a.m. start.

I was jerked from sleep by the sound of a real-life band outside my door. An impromptu concert was going on provided by members of the Folies Bergeres Company staying at the hotel.

"Now is the time for you to wake up soon," they trumpeted blithely.

We wrapped up warmly again for our run across the Nullarbor Plain to South Australia.



AT THE FINISHING LINE and all looking very happy to be home are, left to right, Nan Broughton, Helen Frizell, and Enid Nunn, admiring a gift garland of flowers.

Thirty-seven miles from Eucla, before we swept down to Adelaide via Iron Knob and Port Pirie, we topped a rise to see the Citroen ahead of us blazing fiercely, while its crew, Arthur O'Shea and Walter Wright, stood by, helpless.

Enid, Nan, and I jumped from our car, and I grabbed the fire extinguisher and rushed over to the men with it, but the spirit had leaked away, and it was useless.

At this stage all drivers were fighting sleep, and that tiredness delayed the discovery of the fire was one theory.

The men told us to get Narda past "quick smart" before their petrol blew up.

Due to fog we were late into Melbourne, but could not pile on speed because of traffic rules.

Then suddenly a traffic policeman on a motor-bike roared out in front of us, beckoned us on, and turned our entry into Melbourne into a real speed thrill with the cop ahead, swerving and blasting a way with his siren through other vehicles and crowds.

Just approaching the control point, Mrs. Evelyn Stephens stepped forward and passed to me a huge transparent box of wildflowers, camellias, carnations, and greenery. With it was a note wishing us good luck.

Throughout the trip Enid, Nan, and I have been treated like Cinderella royalties. We now wave unembarrassed to the crowd and sign autographs in scores.

With the end of Redex this will end, too. Narda will return to her owners, Rootes (Aust.) Ltd.; we will return to our jobs.

Drivers Enid Nunn and Nan Broughton say our Humber Super Snipe has put up a wonderful performance, and I, the captain-navigator, agree.

The petrol consumption over good stretches has been 19 miles to the gallon, the car is not worried by sand, and handles perfectly on heavy sandy patches such as Pardoo Sands on the way from Broome to Port Hedland in Western Australia.

There have been no mechanical breakdowns. Both Enid and Nan were very pleased at being able to drive a Humber in the trial.

We talked a lot about what we would do when we got home.

Hot baths were first on the list, deep hot baths, to scrub out the last of the dust, a good meal with green vegetables comes next, and then sleep, sleep, and more sleep.

Would the drivers do it again?

They would — but they would want more sleep next time.



GREETINGS from mothers Mrs. M. Frizell (centre) and Mrs. N. Broughton (right) who smile proudly as the girls get out of their car at the Sydney Showground.



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10/54/2

THE WILD PLACE

By
Kathryn Hulme

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Win Friends, Popularity, with Little Tricks of Everyday Talk

A well-known publisher reports there is a simple technique of everyday conversation which can pay you real dividends in both social and professional advancement, and works like magic to give you added poise, self-confidence and greater popularity. The details of this method are described in a fascinating booklet, **"Adventures in Conversation,"** sent free on request.

According to this publisher, many people do not realise how much they could influence others simply by what they say and how they say it. Whether in business, at social functions, or even in casual conversation with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

To acquaint more readers of this paper with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in everyday conversation, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a 24-page booklet, which will be sent free to anyone who requests it. The address is **C. Shea, Box 4794, Sydney.** Please include 6d. in stamps to cover postage.

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No greasy fingertips. Angel Face by Pond's smooths on with its own puff.



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says Mrs. Amory Carhart, Jr.



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says Mrs. John A. Roosevelt.

Use your Angel Face at home, of course. But always be sure to tuck one in your handbag for quick touch-ups when you're *away from home.* It's so neat and so easy, you can smooth on Angel Face — anywhere, anytime — in just 5 seconds! No powder room privacy needed!

AF 4-2

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RAY MELAUN SAYS . . .

Here's your answer

Only room to answer two letters this week. Apologies to those who have had to be kept waiting, but it's better to give a full answer to each one and please somebody each week than to give scrappy ones that don't give any satisfaction anywhere.

ONCE again, if you write to this page don't ask for a personal answer through the mail. It just can't be done.

Here are this week's:

"I AM keeping company, and have been for the past few months, with a teenage boy who is nice to know but sometimes forgets he is talking to a girl and uses unhealthy language. Sometimes he even asks awkward or embarrassing questions. He is really nice except for this fault and as I am only 15 and he 16, we are too young to think seriously of each other. I am wondering whether I should stop seeing him because of his fault, or tell him what I think he should do about it, or just ignore his remarks and questions. He is a sensible lad and I think he would stop his embarrassing talk if I could approach him in a proper manner. Can you help me in any way? If so, I would be pleased to see an answer to my problem in your column.

Sylvia, **Adelaide, South Australia.**

YOU'D better have it out with him. Ignoring his remarks and questions won't cure him and will leave you still embarrassed.

What you don't make clear is whether he's teasing you. If he is simply doing this, the more embarrassed you are, the more he enjoys it. So if he's teasing, and teasing only, you'll just have to forget your blushes.

Next time, control your feelings and your nerves, keep your head and your dignity, look him straight in the eye and say calmly and clearly, "That's a rude and personal question. It doesn't deserve an answer."

He'll come back with, "Oh, I was only joking. Can't you even take a joke?"

To which you must reply —and this is important: "No, I can't take a joke like that. So I might as well admit it and you might as well know it."

However, if he doesn't behave like this to tease, but because he doesn't know any better, you'll have to take the initiative and tell him.

Point out that other girls



"He said I was the most intelligent girl he ever met and that's the last I ever saw of him!"

mightn't mind the way he speaks and mightn't find his questions awkward, but that you don't like his language and you find his personal questions embarrassing.

You might lose him over it, but I don't think you will. Either way, he'll be a nicer boy for having been told off.

Perhaps, as you guessed, if he sees this letter of yours he might take the hint.

"I AM 19 and in love with my cousin, who is a couple of years older than myself. I am sure he loves me also, as several incidents which have occurred assured me of this, but as we are cousins he is too shy to make any move. He has no girl-friend. I have had the chance to go out with boys, but I have cold-shouldered them, as I cannot go with any boy but him. Please do not tell me to forget him and go with other boys because I love him dearly and could not bear to do so."

Blondie, Western Australia.

I WON'T necessarily say forget him. But you'll have to stop floating in the air about this wonderful feeling and come right down to earth.

For a start: Would it be possible for you two to marry?

Many cousins do. In other instances there is an impediment to marriage. Better establish this point right away.

If you can't marry, the only thing to do is to forget him as best you can. Don't say you couldn't bear to forget him. People in love always say that they couldn't bear to part. But some have to part, and somehow they bear it and manage not to let their own unhappiness make everybody around them miserable.

Don't complain crossly that you don't know anyone with a broken heart. That's admitting to blindness and lack of imagination.

If you hang on without hope of marriage you're headed for a hopeless love — one that's very wonderful and sad and romantic in books but is actually a most painful thing to endure, and a wilful and wasteful misuse of a life.

However, if you can marry your cousin, if you really love him, if you think he loves you, it remains for you to get him to the altar.

If he doesn't yet know you're the one for him, you'll have to convince him of it.

The competition is so tough these days that no girl ever gets the man she wants unless she goes right after him.

DISC DIGEST

SOMEONE once said that Ivor Novello is as underrated as Noel Coward is overrated. I shan't enter that argument, but the theory does find much support on listening to the music from Novello's last operetta, "King's Rhapsody," which is now on one LP disc, DLP1010. For anyone who has theatre in the blood this is a record to be treasured, and it makes a fitting memorial to the composer who, by his death in March, 1951, during the run of the play, brought down the curtain on his finest piece of stagecraft. Most of the original stars are heard in the record, which introduces 11 numbers, including the glitterine Coronation Scene and Finale. Novello sings "Muranian Rhapsody," while the lovely theme "Someday My Heart Will Wake" is heard as an introduction and as a reprise.

MORE musical comedy on LP is available on LA8533 and LAT8016. First is "South Pacific," with Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Ella Fitzgerald, and Evelyn Knight; and the second is an enlarged version of "Call Me Madam," with Ethel Merman, Dick Haymes, and Eileen Wilson. The majority of the numbers in these two platters you've heard as 78 r.p.m. singles, so you know how good they are. On rehearing them, it became only too clear that the real star of any musical show is the orchestra, something which flesh-and-blood show producers persistently overlook.

GOING dancing tonight, or is it too cold? If so, pop 33-OS-7506 on the turntable and "Le's Dance." That's the odd title of an LP played by Les Brown and His Band of Renown, which, among others, introduces "Jersey Bounce," "Stompin' at the Savoy," and "Perdido." No tricks from Les; just solid rhythm and interesting arrangements.

BERNARD FLETCHER.

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GUNNEDAH TEAM MEMBERS Jim Thomson (centre), of "Ruvigne," and Bruce Baker, of "Merralong," Gunnedah, are wished good luck by Mrs. Baker as play begins in their match against County A in the Garvan Cup, for teams beaten in the Countess of Dudley Cup.



WATCHING the first day's play in the Dudley Cup at the Cangon ground from a vantage point on a car are Sandra Bragg (left), of Aberdeen, and Wendy Peters.



RECENTLY ENGAGED Robin MacPhillamy (left), of "Nerreman," Forbes, and her fiance, Peter Cant, talk over the games with Mrs. Bill Maslin, of Mullaley.

DUDLEY CUP Polo Carnival

THE skirl of bagpipes echoed around the Rutherford polo ground when Bob Mackay piped the other members of the Wirragulla A team—Charlie (Mick) Hooke, Ken Mackay, and Toby Wansey—into the enclosure to receive the Countess of Dudley Cup from Mrs. Frank Bragg, wife of the president of the Hunter Valley Polo Association.



QUARTET. Mrs. Ken Austin (left), Ken Austin, who plays for the County A team, Larry Austin, a County B player, and Mrs. Larry Austin after the Gunnedah-County A match at the Rutherford polo ground, Maitland.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Mrs. Pat Arnott (left), of "Coolah Creek," Coolah, Brien Cobcroft, of "Parraweena," Willow Tree, Mrs. David Macintyre, of "Kayuga," Muswellbrook, and her son, David, with Mrs. Ken Arnott, of "Glenalvon, Murrurundi, at Dr. and Mrs. F. P. M. Solling's party.

Wirragulla A won the Cup from Goulburn in a closely contested match, which was played on a ground made muddy and precariously slippery by a rainstorm just before the game. The Rutherford polo ground is two and a half miles out of Maitland.

But mere weather couldn't dampen the spirits of spectators as they watched "some of the best polo seen in Maitland for years" — to quote Frank O'Donnell, secretary of the Hunter Valley Polo Association.

And, afterwards, everyone crowded into the Imperial Hotel to congratulate the victors and drink their health in champagne.

RAIN — typically polo weather in Maitland—put off the first two days of the polo carnival, and visitors sat round in their hotels, listening to weather forecasts and waiting for the leaden skies to clear.

When news came through of "fine weather ahead" the gloomy atmosphere lifted and players began organising the transport of their ponies and equipment to the Cangon and Tabbil Creek grounds at Dungog (more than 30 miles away), where the first day's matches were played to preserve the Rutherford ground for later games.

• • •

AFTER each day's play teams and their supporters went on to a series of gay parties, where they held chukka-by-chukka discussions of the matches, and speculated on the next day's winners. Among the party givers were Mr. and Mrs Bob Mackay, of "Tabbil Creek," Dungog, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Wansey, of "Glenlea," Dungog, and Dr. and Mrs. F. P. M. Solling, of Maitland, who gave two parties on successive nights.

• • •

I LIKED the very low-heeled black suede shoes that Mrs. Bob Ashton, of "Checkers," Cargo, wore to the polo dance at the Maitland Showground. The shoes are embroidered all over with gold thread and coral beads, and Mrs. Ashton wore them with a coral jumper and black skirt.



GUESTS at the barbecue and dance at the Maitland Showground after the second day's play included Dinah Maurice, of "Gillinghall," Wellington, Mrs. Michael Meredith, formerly Jill Pratten, and Mr. Meredith, of Newcastle.

EVERYONE is expecting great things in future polo matches from four-year-old Jimmy Gunn. Jimmy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wally Gunn, of "Mundine," Goondiwindi, and when he wasn't watching his father play for the Goondiwindi B team, he was wielding a polo stick and hitting a ball round the grounds with great assurance. I told Jimmy I admired the way he never missed the ball, whereupon he looked at me rather coldly and said, "Well, I don't mean to miss it." Jimmy's sister Robin, who is seventeen months old, stayed at home with her grandfather, Mr. J. H. Doyle, of "Merriwa," Boggabilla.

THE astonishing facial likeness between Bob Mackay and Toby Wansey—who both play for Wirragulla A—caused a lot of comment at the polo, and some people admitted they "had to look twice" before being absolutely sure which was which.

• • •

IMPRESSIONS at the polo . . . first and foremost, the RELIEF when it was announced that play was definitely "on" . . . fur-lined boots winning first prize for the most favored accessory . . . lots of sticky fingers after eating juicy barbecued steak . . . and car horns honking to applaud a goal.

Anne



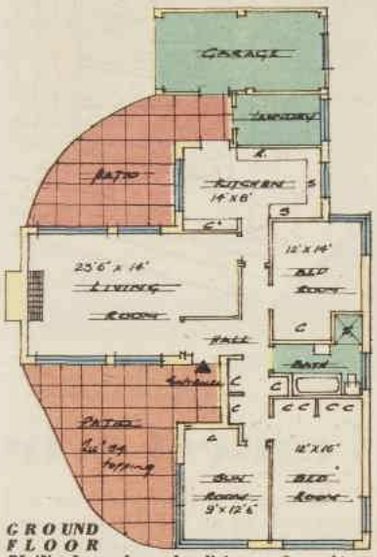
COUNTY B PLAYERS Bill Day (left), of Camden, and Ross Field, of Warrawee, with Joan Allen, of Double Bay, at the Rutherford ground before the County B versus Mudgee match in the Garvan Cup. Mudgee won and went on to defeat Gunnedah in the final.

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Homes Feature

FOR PLEASANT LIVING

Like the other family homes featured in this section, the Ross Roberts' home shown here was designed for year-round indoor comfort, enriched by superbly planned outdoor living facilities.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN shows how the living and working areas open on to stone-paved patios.



ELEGANT LIVING-ROOM in the Ross Roberts' home at East Lindfield, N.S.W. Glass doors at either side open on to front and rear stone-paved patios and provide a "breezeway" in the summer months.



BREAKFAST NOOK (left) overlooks rear patio. Trivets decorate the Mexican-styled window. Streamlined kitchen is butter-yellow.



ABOVE: Front patio of the Ross Roberts' home. Door at extreme right opens into sunroom fitted with built-in desk and book-shelves.



DINING-AREA (right). Mr. Roberts upholstered the chair seats; Mrs. Roberts made the guipure lace-edged table-mats as well as all curtains and similar accessories in the home.

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2 families got bigger rooms in one week-end by taking hinges off their doors

SLIDE DOORS ON **BANGOR**

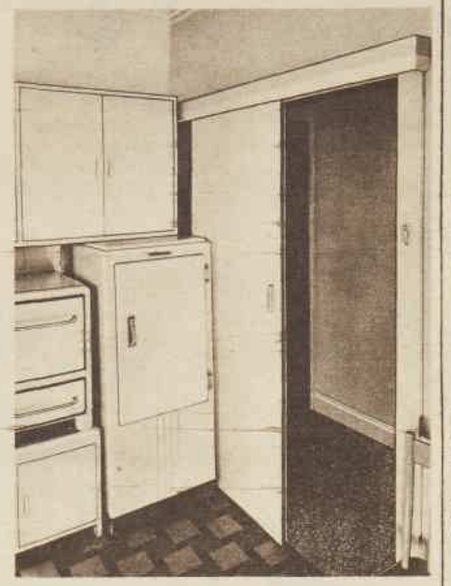
1. ***This is the case of Mrs. Johnson who got a new refrigerator and then had no space to put it in the kitchen.***

We showed her how sliding doors save space. Now the refrigerator stands where the kitchen door used to swing and the door *slides* beside the fridge.
In only a few hours Mr. Johnson did the conversion himself.

SATURDAY: The old door was taken off, the screw holes, hinge cuts and rebates filled and the whole lot given a coat of paint. Then the doorway was lined on three sides with a strip of 3 x 1 timber and painted.

The neat No. 205 Bangor sliding door Track was screwed to the wall beside the fridge and covered with a neat pelmet, painted the same colour as the wall.

SUNDAY: A groove was routed in the bottom of the door, the concealed guide screwed in position, the hangers screwed to the top of the door and the job was done.



★ *Bangor Track is suitable for interior or exterior doors.*
★ *There is nothing on the floor to interfere with carpets.*
★ *Inexpensive—install it yourself in a weekend.*
★ *Any door, old or new, can slide on Bangor Track.*

Every sliding door on Bangor Track creates 9 sq. feet extra living space

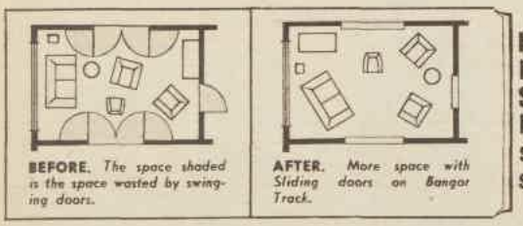


2. ***The Nicholsons' problem was a third baby girl in a two-bedroomed house.***

There just wasn't room for the cot in the nursery, unless it was awkwardly pushed against the other beds. A sliding door instead of a swinging one solved the problem here, too. It slides along beside the cot.

The sliding door is handier in other ways. It can't slam when left open at night. The toddler can't bump her head on the edge of the open door. Bangor works so smoothly the children can open the door themselves—there's no need for a catch.

★ *The Nicholsons covered their Bangor track with a Pelmet and painted a frieze of bunnies along it. It's a real decoration in the nursery.*



BEFORE. *The space shaded is the space wasted by swinging doors.*

AFTER. *More space with Sliding doors on Bangor Track.*

Here's how Sliding Doors save space

LOOK AT YOUR HOME

Aren't there a dozen places where sliding doors on Bangor Track could give you more space? Make that space yourself—*next weekend.*

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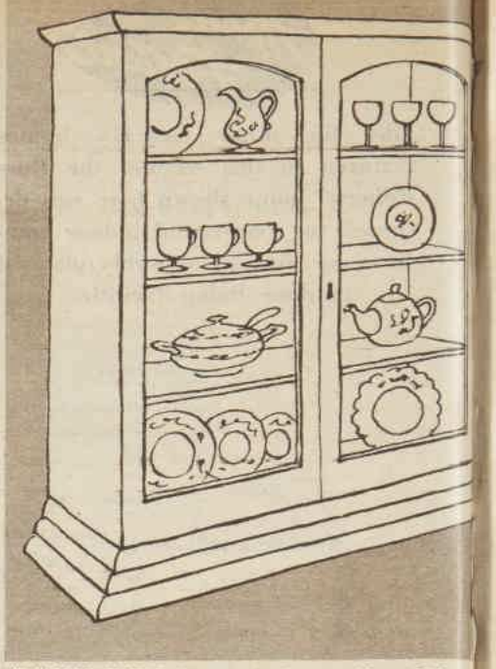
(If you live in another State, please look up nearest Wormald Brothers address in the 'phone book.)

Please send me the booklet that tells me all about Bangor Track.

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*Address*_____

84-WW3



STANDING UPSIDE down on the firm moulding which was previously the top of a bookshelf of a Victorian desk, this section makes a good china cabinet suited to a modern room.

Contest winner

A suggestion for an easy and practical conversion of an old Victorian desk into two useful and modern-looking pieces of furniture wins the £3/3/- prize in our weekly contest.

MRS. C. HODGKINSON, "Kalulah," Creek Road, Maryborough, Queensland, sent in the winning entry.

"We had a Victorian desk with a high, glass-fronted bookcase standing on top," she said. "This piece of furniture was 'top heavy' for today's low-ceilinged rooms, so we removed the bookcase and stood it upside down — the heavy moulding which was at the top stands firmly on the floor.

"The doors were taken off the hinges and refitted upside down, so that the curved glass is now at the top.

"This part of the desk made a nice china cabinet for our living-room.

"The cupboard section of the desk, which has a good uncluttered line with its flat top, is used in the dining room as a sideboard and fits in well with the modern furniture.



CUPBOARD with writing drawer required no alteration, only the top was polished to fit it for use as a well-proportioned sideboard.

"The drawer above the cupboard space opens out flat, and in the pigeon-holes silver and place-mats are kept."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/-, and when space allows a consolation prize of £1/1/- is paid to the reader who sends in the best entry in our contest on how to make something new from something old.

Perhaps you have made something for yourself or a member of the family from some discarded article.

Any of the ideas may win the cash prize of the week. So send in any clever transformations with a description of what was done and enclose rough drawings or snapshots to illustrate the "before and after" idea.

Address your entry or entries to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



THIS is the old-style desk which was used to make the two useful pieces of furniture shown above.

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NEW HOME FROM OLD BUNGALOW

Homes Feature

Sydney architect John Ley has just finished one of the toughest yet most satisfying jobs of his career—turning an outdated house at Roseville, N.S.W., into a spacious, modern, and easy-to-run home for a young family.





AFTER: Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Davies' home in Lord Street, Roseville, as it is today. A new bedroom and bathroom have been built over the old entrance. The "bay" has been streamlined. The old verandah has been demolished and a patio takes its place.

THE sturdily built, 50-year-old house was bought by Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Davies because of its enviable position—its closeness to schools and shops.

Alteration entailed, among other things, adding an extra bedroom and bathroom, remodelling the kitchen, living-room, dining-room, and main bedroom.

The original entrance hallway was used for additional cupboard space, and the new bathroom and bedroom were built over the old entrance and path.

This necessitated a new entry, which was made possible by demolishing the brick verandah, eliminating a set of leadlight french doors, and opening all of the living-room front wall on to a light and airy patio.

The old slate roof was cut back over this entrance. A new flat roof was carried out over the drive to form a car-port. This roof is supported by a timber grid screen which provides shelving for pot-plants and makes the entrance look deeper.

The bay windows of the main bedroom were removed. The opening was filled with a sheet of plateglass and a row of hopper-type windows. Mr. Ley then covered the gable overhang, with its carved barge-boards and mock render, with white vertical boarding.

BEFORE: The house from the street as it stood for nearly 50 years before architect John Ley undertook the remodelling job.

The extra bedroom has two large box-frame windows facing the side and a row of highlights to the street. This treatment not only gives light and privacy but more wall space for furniture.

The chimney stack from the unwanted fireplace in the main bedroom was pulled down. The ornamentation was stripped from the top of the remaining chimney.

Floor-to-ceiling wardrobes were built into the fireplace wall of the main bedroom. Where the fireplace was is a shoe cupboard, hidden by sliding doors.

The spacious and sunny verandahs, redecorated in pastels with color accents, are playgrounds for Dr. and Mrs. Davies' two young sons.

One verandah runs the width of the house at the rear. The other, a semi-enclosed verandah, opens off five-year-old Gordon's room. The once purple brick walls are painted pale green. The ceiling is yellow and the rafters are white.

All outside brickwork has been painted pale teal blue, with white woodwork. The ceiling under the flat roof of the entrance patio is terra-cotta with white rafters.

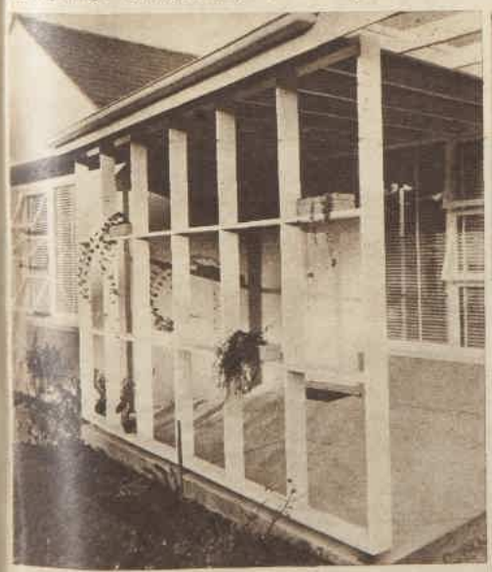
The result is a completely new house — one that is streamlined and functional, yet retaining a friendly, homely atmosphere.



BEFORE AND AFTER views from dining-room to living-room are shown above. The old ornate timber grille to the archway has been removed to give a clearer line to the opening. New lighting fixtures will replace the old.



VIEW OF THE FIREPLACE WALL, showing the new Dutch dressers which were built in on each side of the fireplace. The moulded frame to these dressers and the shelving are painted white. The wall and cupboard doors are dusky pink. The doors have beaten brass hinges.



CLOSE-UP of the new entrance showing the attractive, white-painted timber grid screen, the shelves of which carry painted pots with trailing plants. At left can be seen the new windows of the main bedroom.



FIREPLACE WALL as it was before the transformation shown in the picture above right. The dark, drab fireplace was rejuvenated with a few coats of white paint.





PICTURE AT LEFT shows the original french doors opening from the living-room on to the front verandah. These and the wall surrounding them were completely removed and replaced with hopper-type windows and fixed sheets of plateglass, as shown in the picture above.

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COLOR AND COMFO



Unusual layo wid of glass, and a w view over Midd lar Mrs. Norman Castlecrag, N.S. on standing in the alit

MR. Warwick who designed house, also supervise construction and pla the unusual and some daring color schemes in the reception ro dining-room, and hall well as the fresh and ing colors of the ext

The house is of white-pa brick, with a yellow tiled Woodwork round the and windows is lemon-yo and a delightful color is given by the wide which are painted tur underneath.

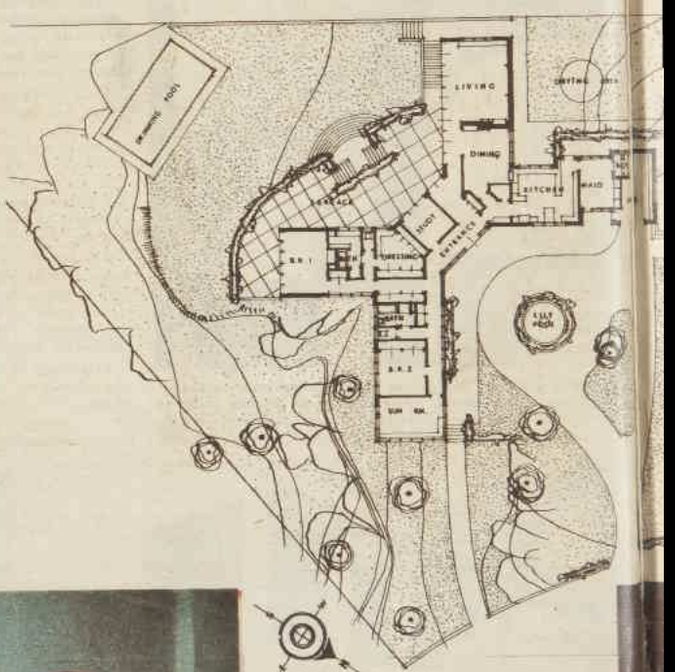
The long, low, horiz lines of the house are acc ated by a wall of ve louvers extending 100ft. or so from the d garage. This wall



ABOVE: Exterior view of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Browne's attractive home, "Carnarvon," in Linden Way, Castlecrag, N.S.W. There are magnificent views of Middle Harbor from the grounds and rooms.

•

LEFT: The hall, showing one of the glass entrance doors and louvered doors to the cloak alcove. This wing houses the study, main bedroom, second bedroom, and the sunroom.



RIGHT: This picture shows a section of the comfortably furnished lounge and the recess in the peacock-blue wall of the dining-room. The recess is lined in aubergine and the shelves are painted off-white. In the lounge, white marquisette curtains are drawn over the glass wall, which has steel-framed doors opening on to the terrace, used for outdoor living.



FLOOR PLAN (above) of the house which was designed by Warwick Kells shows the unusual shape of the building. All the rooms have cross ventilation and magnificent water views.

•

VIEW OF THE LOUNGE (right) which has a striking color scheme of aubergine, dusky-pink, and silver-grey with accents of chartreuse to provide eye relief.

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...T IN MODERN HOUSE

Homes Feature

...wide eaves, large areas ... with an unsurpassed ...larbor make Mr. and ...ne's family home at ... one of the most out-...ality.

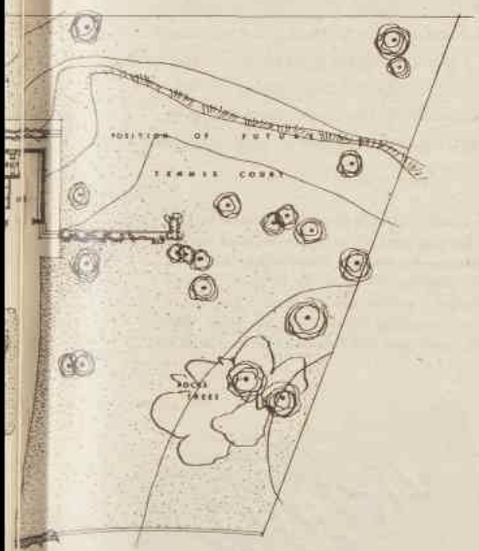
...privacy as well as serving as a ...sun and wind break.

The eaves, which project more than four feet from each wall, protect the rooms from midsummer heat but allow sunshine to enter for part of the day in winter.

A glass wall, 33ft. long and reaching to the eaves above the living-room and dining-room, opens on to the terrace, as do the doors from the study and main bedroom suite. These rooms and the terrace have panoramic views of Middle Harbor, Sydney Heads, and the ocean beyond.

From the lower grassed terrace and swimming-pool the land drops sharply to the water's edge. The blue-tiled swimming-pool is filled by water from the roof. A silt chamber removes dust particles from the water before it enters the pool.





KITCHEN (above) is bright and spacious and is planned on modern, labor-saving lines. Color scheme is buttercup-yellow, grey, and cream with terracotta contrasts.

•

DINING - ROOM (right) features a dramatic color scheme of peacock-blue, dusky - pink, pinky - tan, and white. A small bar is built in the passage leading up to the kitchen.



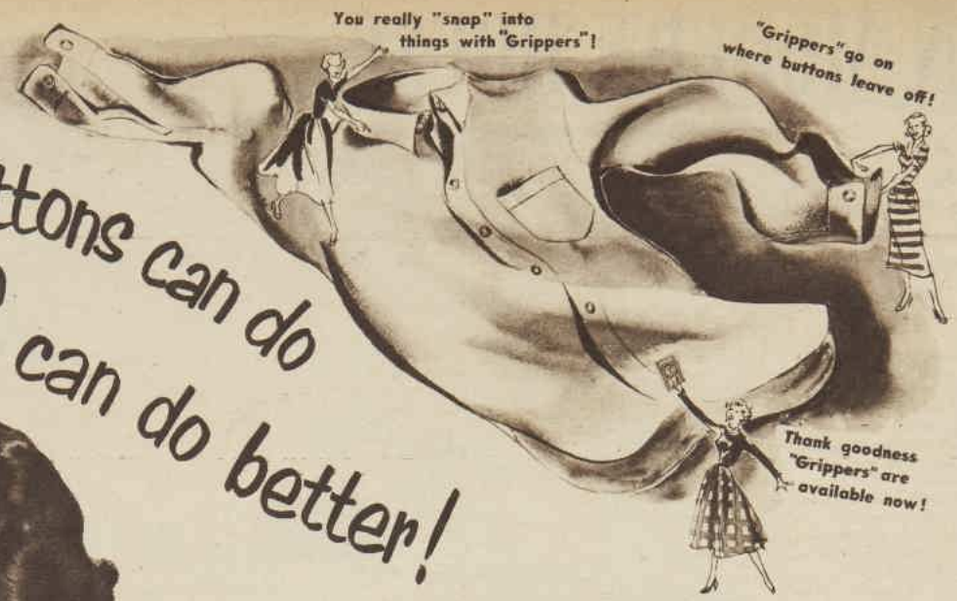




SUNROOM (left) has a color scheme which was inspired by the young gum trees growing on the site. One wall is a yellow-green, the color of new leaves, and others are the deep green of the older leaves. Built-in seats, which also serve as bookshelves, are a brilliant London tan — a splash of color recalled by the fresh new tips of the trees. The ceiling is the blue of sky in spring. Rug is stimulating cocoa-brown color.

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They hold so firm, and lie so flat . . . and once they're on — they're on for keeps. Grippers fit all types of material too, from flimsiest silks and nylons to thickest wool and corduroy, and they're guaranteed laundryproof. Think what a saving! NO more replacing lost or broken buttons . . . NO wasted minutes in mending . . . and you'll just love that neat and natty Gripper look.

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Baby loves the comfy, quick-change ease of Gripper Snappy Pantees, Crawlers and Sun Suits— so will you.

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Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 5

knees, and looked searchingly at Ravenstreet. "I will tell you what you are doing. You are busy re-hypnotising yourself, pushing yourself back into a trance——"

"Tick-tock?" He was derisive.

Wayland did not smile. "Yes, tick-tock. At heart nothing matters because our lives are being shovelled away. This is living two dimensions short. It is like the hen that cannot move away from the straight line. Now this won't do from you, Ravenstreet."

"Have you some reason for saying that? I'm not arguing, I'm curious. Were you making a point then—or just talking?"

"I was making a point." Wayland did not relax. "All three of us have agreed now that our encounter with you was not mere accident. In spite of what you say, there's something in you open to certain influences. That's why you asked us here. Last night, as Marot said, we were trying to make you understand. I don't know what happened to you, don't want to know—it's your life—you."

"It was me."

"No, it is you. You are your life. And nothing has gone, nothing has stopped. Your time is your life. You can change it but you can't get out of it. And I'm certain that you knew this last night."

"I felt something vaguely like it," Ravenstreet admitted cautiously. "Very disturbing."

"No doubt," said Wayland dryly. "But is what you have now so precious that it mustn't be disturbed? What had you when we met yesterday afternoon? What is your life as you see it? I don't know what you experienced last night under Marot's influence—if you did what we suggested beforehand you should have returned to an important moment of decision, one of those we may have to change——"

"Change?" Ravenstreet was startled. "How can it be changed? It's happened."

"It's happening and it can be changed, with the right effort. But that's not what I'm discussing now. I say that even during and after this merest glimpse of wakefulness and time alive, you began to feel differently, no longer in a world closing in like a prison that is harsher and harsher in its treatment—first, some work outside, then only exercise in the yard, then no yard and no sight of the sky, then solitary confinement, then the condemned cell—"

"Good grief, Wayland!" cried Ravenstreet, his defences falling. "It's not too far-fetched a comparison either."

"No longer such a world," the other continued, ignoring this outburst. "One that might be too strange, confusing, frightening, but immensely rich with possibilities, opening out instead of closing in. I dare to say that's what you found, and that now you're pretending not to have found it. Common sense and humor have returned, with the bright morning and the familiar situation. You are cheating us, my friend. You are also cheating yourself, for what were common sense and humor doing for you last week, and, if we took ourselves off today, what would they be doing for you tonight?"

He went on, "Do you know what Perperek said to Marot and me yesterday about you? He told us that obviously you were not altogether closed in, not almost an automaton like so many, but that the one spark left only showed you your despair——"

"And so what?" cried Ravenstreet harshly.

"It's a type—we have a special name for it—that is often bent on self-destruction. Which is useless. The revolver you take to blow you out of your life blows you back into it, weighted with mysterious guilt——"

"All right, Wayland." Ravenstreet got out of his deck-chair. "Let's take a turn or two round the garden, if you don't mind."

As they moved off, Ravenstreet went on: "I don't think I'm the suicidal type. You're wrong there. And this blowing-out-of-life-back-into-it business is too complicated for me. But you came near enough to make me feel uncomfortable, and perhaps, after last night, I wasn't being strictly honest with you. I tried thinking about this time thing, because I can see that what Perperek calls tick-tock does get us down, takes something out of us that ought to be there, but it's altogether too complicated for me. Though I might try again, if you give me a hint or two."

"Every age probably has its own riddle of the Sphinx that it must solve," said Wayland. "Marot and Perperek have always said that our riddle is the riddle of Time. Our secret despair, hurrying us into deeper slavery, may come from our inability to solve this riddle. But now you will help us?"

"I'll tell you what I can. Though I must point out, before I start, that I wouldn't be important in this affair, that it doesn't depend on me at all."

"But we may be able to reach it through you. You understood this yesterday evening, you remember, though of course you said we were probably deceiving ourselves. Now we have an idea of this man you met, who wishes you to work with him. We know, because you told us, that it's an enterprise that could affect the lives of millions. It is, then, some new form of drugging."

Ravenstreet stood still, to stare at him in astonishment. "How did you guess? More magic?"

"No, no." He laughed. "What else could it be, offered by such a type to millions and millions, but some new form of drugging? What else do millions want?"

"Oh—come! Labor-saving gadgets, for instance."

"Possibly. But they couldn't be offered so quickly on such a scale. It had to be some form of drugging. What is it?"

"That's where you surprised me. You meant drugging in a general sense, but this literally is a new drug." And he explained about Sepman's discovery, the claims that had been made for it, his own trial of it.

"To some extent I was under the influence of the stuff when I agreed to go in with them," he said. "I've had some reservations since, but haven't said anything."

"Fortunately," said Wayland gravely. "But then that is how it would be. You were meant to be the link, the approach. And this is one of the challenges, the immediate crises, we were expecting. I'm very grateful, Ravenstreet. And Marot and Perperek will be grateful, too. If you will excuse me, I will go and explain to them—I think they went into the vegetable or fruit garden. No doubt there are things you would like to do."

He went to do those things, which included some telephoning. What he had thought of as the hangover from his experience "in the alive" oddly persisted.

He felt intensely aware of everything he saw and heard during this hot sleepy July morning; yet at the same time it seemed to him that all these things had an air of mockery, as if they were hinting they were only part of some enormous deception, artful properties of some performance.

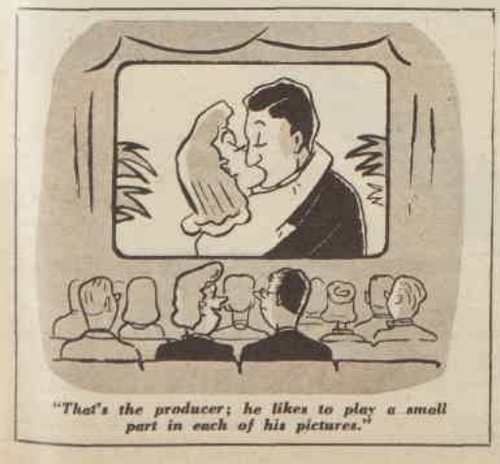
He began to feel that the whole setting could be whisked away and something quite different, but equally vivid, equally convincing down to its last detail, be put in its place. He had always thought of the world as being solidly outside himself, but now it occurred to him vaguely but disturbingly that perhaps the relative positions should be reversed, that the world—or what passed for it—was really inside and he himself outside it. Not that this made much sense; but there the notion was.

Finally, after he had made several calls, one came for him. It was Major Prisk, his act as a silly-ass character scaled down for the telephone. Sepman was getting restive, Prisk explained, and so Mervil thought two birds could be killed with one stone if Ravenstreet motored up to Cheshire, thereby meeting Sepman and helping to keep him quiet, Sepman being a type liable to fly off the handle.

Prisk gave him the address, a village near Northwich, and told him exactly how to find the house.

"Now if you'd run up this evening, old boy," Prisk continued, "and you could do it under three hours with your eyes shut, then you could dine with 'em—yes, there's a Mrs. Sepman, very good value—and stay the night if you wanted to. I'll tell you what, chummie—if you'll promise to do just that, I'll be there myself. They can put us both up, and while you're giving Ernest the works—yes, that's his name, old boy, Ernest—I can keep little Nancy amused, otherwise she might be a nuisance. You'll see what I mean when you get there. But I'm not venturing unless I have

To page 33



"That's the producer; he likes to play a small part in each of his pictures."

"Far whiter than last week ... Look! I've just tried PERSIL"



"I made a discovery..." says Mrs. Bothan, Ernest Street, Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

"This week I found out that anything but the best is waste of time. I tried Persil. The clothes are ever so much whiter, sweeter and cleaner. It'll do me for life!"



WHITER BECAUSE IT WASHES CLEANER! Whether you boil or not, Persil gets clothes whiter than any other washing product, because Persil—and only Persil—contains oxygen. Oxygen sends the suds bubbling through the fabric . . . right into every thread. And there you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete, thorough cleanness! Yet for all its thoroughness, Persil is gentle with precious coloureds, rayons and woollies.

Persil Washes Whiter!

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Color scheming

When planning color schemes it is most important to consider your personal likes and dislikes. This week we are assuming that you like blue and take this color as the theme for the fourth article in our new series.

By JOAN MARTIN

THREE rooms in which blue predominates are shown on this page. Because it is a cool color, blue is ideal for rooms that get plenty of sun, so in the illustration at right we show a small section of an informal living-room with a sunny exposure.

To counteract the inevitable fading and to eliminate glare, the color must be reasonably strong, and this provides an excellent background for furnishings somewhat in the modern manner.

Assuming that this room is in a beach house, the cane furniture is ideal. It can be left in its natural color or painted white, as shown in the illustration. In nearly every room (and this room is no exception), a touch of black is good, and the one black chair is specially smart.

The light grey floor is of linoleum tiles. This is a form of floor-covering immensely popular abroad, and slowly but surely gaining favor here.

Rubber, plastic, or linoleum flooring has come out of the kitchen and into the most formal of rooms. In a recent homes exhibition in America, every room had a plastic tile floor.

Although I do not suggest that you use it for every room, I do think it is most attractive and well worth considering when next you contemplate new floor covering. For halls like that in the illustration below, it is specially effective.

The illustration shows a rather long and slightly narrow hall—an architectural feature which tends to look a little top-heavy unless care is taken when choosing the color scheme.

Blue being a receding color, it minimises this effect, and so we use it here in a soft shade of grey-blue. Against this color, pinks, reds, mauves, and purples look their best, and on the far wall we have used a cyclamen-pink that goes so beautifully with the wine-red stair carpet.

This week: Blue

The third sketch (at right below) is for a boy's room or guest-room:

Dark blue walls are combined with a ceiling papered in a lighter blue on which a small white motif gives character.

Other attractive color combinations for those who like blue:

Blue walls, grey carpet, white curtains, and upholstery in a yellow-and-white figured or floral material; off-white walls, blue carpet and curtains, mushroom-pink upholstery, accents of lime-green; pale grey walls, soft blue carpet, raspberry-red upholstery, curtains same color as the walls.



INFORMAL LIVING-ROOM in a beach house or week-ender shows how attractive a strong tone of blue can be when used as the main tone in a decoration scheme. The color makes an excellent background for modern furniture and white-framed picture.



HALL with a carefully chosen color scheme in which the predominating shade of blue minimises the length and the too-narrow proportions. The floor is covered with tiles, once seen only in the kitchen but now used in even the most formal of modern rooms.



BOY'S ROOM or guest-room combines dark blue walls with a ceiling papered in a lighter shade of blue and patterned in white. The color accents are lime-green and red. This room is suitable for the beach house or the informally furnished holiday home.

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your definite promise, Ravenstreet, for various good reasons." He sounded more serious now.

"And I know Mervil would be pleased. Agreed? Fine! I'll let the Sepmans know. Aim at arriving about seven, in case they want to take us out to dinner. Be seeing you, chum-mie!"

He told the Magicians about this over the lunch-table. They listened with stupendous gravity, exchanging profoundly knowing glances. In this Mervil-and-Prisk business atmosphere—and these arrangements could not be discussed out of this atmosphere—there was something rather pathetically absurd about the three old boys, with their Three-Wise-Men act. That call from Prisk had broken the spell of the morning.

Something in his manner perhaps gave Ravenstreet away, for they noticed the change.

"Is foolish old men—um?" said Perperek, still twinkling. He was eating an enormous lunch, far more than the other two put together. "But you are kind man, I think—good to mad peoples."

"I hope so," Ravenstreet told him, smiling.

"What Perperek means," said Wayland, "is that whatever you think, he hopes you will humor us. After all, if you've decided now, after talking to your business friends, that we're simply three harmless old eccentrics, then it can't hurt you to do what we ask, because we're harmless. You please us, and do yourself and your friends no mischief."

"It is not good for you, though, this attitude, I must warn you." This was Marot, always the stern member of the trio. "But we will not talk of that now."

"We must put your kindness and hospitality to a further test," said Wayland, flashing across his quick illuminating smile. "But first tell me, please, how many people could stay here for a night. One night would do."

Ravenstreet thought for a moment. "At a pinch I could accommodate another four or five in addition to you three. I wouldn't like to try it for a week, but a night or two wouldn't hurt anybody. Why do you ask?"

"Even before you received that telephone call," said Wayland, "we'd decided that it would be best if you could persuade your business friends—no, I know they aren't really your friends, but that does not matter—to come here so that we could meet them. If we try to see them elsewhere, it will all be very difficult——"

"On guard!" cried Perperek triumphantly, flourishing his knife. "Too much!"

WAYLAND continued solemnly, "But if we're here when your friends arrive, three harmless old men you have rescued from the damaged hotel here, other guests seen at dinner who must be amused for an hour after dinner, then they will not be on guard, as Perperek says."

"A little deception," said Marot gravely, "but not much. It will not be necessary for you to tell any lies. And we would not ask for this if we did not think it so important. But it is of an importance you cannot imagine."

"We change life for your grandchildren," Perperek announced.

"Not for mine," Ravenstreet said, grinning. "I haven't any."

Perperek opened his eyes wide. "How do you know?"

"Well, I suppose it's just possible, but not very likely——"

"I think likely." Perperek was twinkling again.

Ravenstreet turned to Wayland. "You're asking me to invite here all the people involved in this business—the Sepmans, I take it, and the other three? You won't, of course, mention the actual thing——?"

Wayland shook his head. "You have our word for that. It will be all apparently accidental. Can you do this—very soon?"

"I can try. But I don't suppose it'll be easy. Sepman probably has work to do. The others are very busy men. Fortunately this is a sort of half-way house—and I might be able to make difficulties that ask for some kind of immediate conference and then insist that we all meet here."

"Is always quick sensible man," cried Perperek with approval. "Too good for tick-tock—an' no childrens and grandchildrens. Pity! Ravenstreet, I tell you, I like you very much. I try—to give you some-things very nice. You see."

With this, it appeared, Marot was in agreement, for he caught Perperek's eye and nodded some sort of acceptance. And even though he was now finding them rather absurd, Ravenstreet could not altogether dismiss this remark of Perperek's and the looks and nods that followed it. Afterwards he was to recall the scene with more than wonder and astonishment.

Soon after lunch, Ravenstreet drove to the works, poked around there in a superannuated sort of way for an hour and a half, and then set out for Cheshire and the Sepmans. He took it easy and the traffic was not too bad, so that he had plenty of time to think. His mood was very different from that of the lunch-table. He suddenly found himself far closer than he had been all day to that "time alive" experience of the previous night.

Driving the car—the half-fixed attention, the repetition of mechanical little movements, the air flowing round him (for the afternoon was still hot, and he had the car open everywhere)—may have brought that experience back, almost compelling him to live it again. He had not given Philippa Storer a thought for years; she belonged to a higgledy-piggledy past he was glad to forget. What had happened to her after he had left that cottage at Pelrock Bay?

There was little to remember. Without telling him anything, she had sold her share of the bookshop and lending library and had then immediately left the district. Somebody had told him she had gone to the South Coast somewhere. Then another somebody, a year or so later, had seen her, perhaps on the South Coast, and had said she was married, with a child or two about. And that was the end of her, until last night when she had marched in again through that cottage doorway, with not a flick of an eyelash missing.

Whatever had become of her, she was now alive again, like that morning and afternoon in the cottage, in the clearly lighted forefront of his mind. He could consider her, and did. Reasonably, too, without any sentimental haze, though the shame of his newly remembered treachery still burned; and he came to the dispassionate conclusion that, quite apart from this treachery, which seemed to have a life of its own like the time that held it, he had been a fool to let her go so that he could please Frank Crewe and claim Maureen.

One of them had been his

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Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 31

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): A most unusual combination of circumstances may arise, July 30, giving unexpected happiness or a problem to solve. July 31 should be either lucky or romantic.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Entertaining at home, family social interests, sewing, interior decorating are likely to flourish, July 28, with enjoyable results. August 1 favors outings.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Almost any expedition undertaken, July 27, is likely to succeed in its objective; this appears to be a day you can't go wrong. August 2 be wary.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Be conservative in personal, or business, matters, July 29. Say little; make your money go as far as possible. July 31 is likely to fulfil a wish.

LEO (July 23-August 22): While July 29 is fine for popularity, prestige, for starting new enterprises, take time out, July 30, to decide exactly what you want, and how to get it.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): The morning of July 28 may give a useful hint. Be prepared to hop in when opportunity knocks, August 2.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): You are likely to gain through another's loss on July 28. August 1 smiles on lovers.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): For some of you, July 30 will be good. Honors or responsibility in business or social life will give you a lift. Be modest, July 31.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): News from a distance, the prospect of a journey, or removal, may color July 27 with pleasant anticipation.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Be particularly careful in traffic, in health matters, in signing agreements, July 29, which holds adverse influences for you. July 31 sunny and fortunate.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Wedding bells may ring for the eligible, romance for the young and those not-so-young, over the week-end. Arrangements with workmates bring satisfaction, August 2.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Does the world seem against you, July 28, whichever way you turn? Through your own ingenuity you can triumph over obstacles and win out, July 31.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Polishing the floors . . . Cleaning the rugs . . . Freshening the chairs . . .









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There's no cleaning job that the Hoover Cylinder Cleaner can't tackle . . . lino, carpets, stair-runners, upholstery, cushions, as well as those hard-to-reach corners. It swoops up deep-down dirt and, wonder of wonders, has no dirty dustbag . . . nothing to shake. Simply touch the trigger with your toe to empty. Ask your Hoover dealer for a demonstration!

WIN A HOLIDAY FOR TWO IN QUEENSLAND'S TROPICAL NORTH

After you have seen a demonstration, write in not more than 50 words why you would like a Hoover Cylinder Cleaner. A Hoover a week will be given away for the best entries received until August 31st, with a special prize of a luxury holiday for two in Cairns, with air travel both ways by A.N.A. for the best entry of all.



FREE HOLIDAY I attach my entry in the contest "Why I would like a Hoover Cylinder Cleaner". If I win a Hoover and have in the meantime purchased one, I understand my full purchase price will be refunded.

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Now—a special greaseless treatment for 4 problems of Young Skin





Are these "young skin" problems spoiling your looks? **Oily skin . . . Flakiness . . . Large pores . . . Blackheads?**

Such an unkind *but common* trick of nature! Suddenly, unpleasant things may begin happening to your face. The oil glands start *over*working. At the same time, your skin grows sluggish—unable to throw off the everyday accumulation of dead skin flakes. The mixture of oil and dry skin cells builds a "choking" layer over the pore openings. Now—you're threatened by another problem—enlarged pores and even blackheads. Your skin needs help *quickly*.

Now—a remarkable corrective has been developed by Pond's for these 4 "young skin" problems. Give your skin this effective treatment 2 or 3 times a week *and always before an important date.*

Just cover face, except eyes, with a snowy-white, *greaseless* mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action *loosens* and dissolves off stubborn, dead skin cells. Leave one minute. Now—tissue off clean. See how fine-textured your skin looks! How *smooth* it feels.





Young Skin doesn't like a heavy, obvious make-up



Heavy, "obvious" make-ups only seem to *aggravate* a troubled skin. You can't expect pore openings to function normally if they're covered and clogged with thick make-up.

Now—choose the powder base that flatters even the most "particular" skin. It's *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Before powder, smooth on a *light* film of the Cream. It *disappears*, leaving a satiny finish that takes powder softly. There will be none of that heavy "cake-y" feeling. No streaking, no shade problem, no oiliness. This superb powder base gives you the fresh, *natural* make-up that makes you your prettiest!

Get a jar or tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream today—give yourself your first "young skin" treatment tonight. You'll see encouraging results right away.



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Continuing . . . .

The Magicians

from page 33

kind of woman, and the other hadn't. It was, he concluded, as simple as that. This was something he wouldn't have understood then, twenty-seven years ago, though he would have pretended to in passionate or highly sentimental moments; but now it was plain to him.

Maureen had been younger, superficially perhaps the more attractive, quite as intelligent, and through her father much closer to him in his work and daily life. It was easy to justify his preference. Any Marriage Board, settling these questions for bewildered youngsters, would have awarded him Maureen at once. And they would have been as horribly wrong as he had been. Whether chemistry did it or psychology, one girl had been right for him and the other hadn't.

He and Maureen had tried hard enough, urged on by plenty of magazine articles and little books on How to Make Your Marriage a Success. But trying, on any big scale, just wouldn't work in these tricky departments of life. You caught each other at it all the time, and then it was irritating or pathetic, and neither irritation nor pathos could begin to put it right.

Poor Maureen! How sorry he had been, and how she had come to hate him for being sorry!

He realised now that if he had been a much worse husband, spending their money on drink and women and horses, he would have been a much better one from her fundamental point of view, at least offering her drama and martyrdom, an excuse for her failure as a wife. And no children, the final misery for a woman like Maureen, with no real interests outside her home!

He sent his wry apologies after her into the dark. Sorry again, Maureen!

He continued to think about her, not about himself and his own life. He remembered the look she had given him in the nursing home, a look that was bright though not hard with irony she could never have found words for, even if she had not been too weak to do more than mutter a little.

Had it been his fault, for making that decision to marry her? Or Frank's for pressing it on them both, out of his passion, thoroughly mischievous in the end, for arranging things for everybody? Or nobody's—just part of the evil muddle?

Maureen's grandmother in such a situation, he told himself, would have found some consolation in the belief, impressed upon her no doubt almost daily, that happiness was not to be expected in this world, this vale of tears, but in the next, where shining gates would be opened for the virtuous.

But Maureen had had no such consolation; like him she belonged to a generation that saw the grave as the end and expected all happiness, the realisation of every dream, this side of it.

What then were men to do, if they were not to tear themselves to pieces? Try to restore the vale - of - tears - but - heaven - is-waiting notion of this life? Lose themselves like the Magicians in some Oriental maze of strange dimensions, recurring time, levels of being and knowledge, bewilderingly fantastic epics of trial and error?

Or in despair—and weren't there signs of this already—forget every high dream of what life might be, avoid disappointment and any sense of frustration by expecting nothing more than the day's blunted and routine sensations, calling in the Mervils and Karneys and Prisks and Sepmans (and perhaps the Ravenstreets, perhaps not) to keep them cosy and secure and beyond the last taunts of the dying imagination?

So his mind worked as he kept the car purring and rolling towards the north-west, in the huge glow of the late afternoon.

It seemed to him that this mind he examined spasmodically, between encounters with traffic and lights, was still an open mind, in spite of his promise to the Magicians. Yet obscurely he felt glad that sheer good nature, a host's and younger man's response to Wayland's smile, Perperek's droll twinkle, the bleak urgency, ancient and prophetical, of Marot, had allowed him to make them that promise, turning him, however sceptical and amused, into a colleague of theirs, preventing him from feeling complete loyalty to Mervil and Co.

Humoring them, he found he was also, rather mysteriously, humoring himself.

After that he was too busy for further reflection; trying to remember Prisk's instructions; going down one lane after another, to find the Sepmans' villa. Finally he turned with some difficulty into a narrow drive, halted his car before a mock-Tudor facade, and twisted a doorbell that went off like a fire alarm.

As Prisk had foreseen, the Sepmans were taking their guests out to dinner, to some country inn about ten miles away that was famous throughout Cheshire for its food, Nancy Sepman said. Prisk himself, however, had not yet arrived, although it was after seven, so they waited for him in the flimsy - whimsy sitting - room, drinking gins-and-limes and nibbling cheese straws.

Ravenstreet was not enjoying himself. He felt rather tired and didn't find a mixture of gin, limejuice, and cheese straws very pleasant and reviving. The glasses had saucy nudes painted inside them, and represented the naughty-naughty side of the room's flimsy-whimsy, in which Nancy Sepman's personality had found expression.

The place was filled with things pretending to be other things; and Ravenstreet, who had always disliked such rubbish, now wondered for the first time if it had any psychological significance.

The Sepmans seemed like two type characters in a modern morality play: the Dissatisfied Woman and the Angry Man.

Nancy was a good-looking, dimpled brunette, who might have looked better if she had not been too elaborately got-up for a splendid social evening. During this time when they were waiting for Prisk, she was too worried to be gay or even cheerfully relaxed. She seemed to be far less interested in her husband than he was in her. Indeed, it was clear that he was entirely devoted to her, seeing her as a magical being on an earth from which all other magic had vanished.

With everybody and everything else, Ernest Sepman had apparently lost all patience. He was a small but thickset fellow about forty; not attractive to look at, sallow and rather pug-faced; and worse to listen to, for he had a flattish and rather nasal voice, probably south Lancashire, rasped with irritation.

He suggested a world of sulphuric acid works, dingy labs,

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ROSEMARY CLOONEY

Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

VIVACIOUS Rosemary Clooney, the "pop" star with the warm, low-pitched singing voice, sang herself into movies by way of best-selling records.

The story of the two dialect "beat" records "Come on-a my House," made in 1951, and the later "Botcha-me," which turned Hollywood talent-hungry eyes towards Clooney, is well known.

Now Rosemary — she also answers to Rosie or plain Clooney —has a full-scale movie career.

Paramount gave her a long-term contract after her initial—and surprising—success in her debut musical, "The Stars Are Singing."

After "Stars" Rosie went into "Red Garters," with Guy Mitchell, and "Here Come the Girls," the Bob Hope comedy.

But her best movie break is the coveted co-starring lead with Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye in "White Christmas," which will be released in Australia before long.

A shapely honey-blonde, Rosemary has wide blue eyes, a strong jawline, which was once thought to be too heavy to charm the camera, and a real Irish temper.

She is 5ft. 4in. tall, but looks taller on the screen, weighs 7st. 6lb., and diets carefully to gain weight.

In contrast to the usual Hollywood "find," Rosie makes no claim to possessing the stereotyped feminine glamor, and she abhors cheese-cake publicity.

Nevertheless, the effect of her low-pitched voice and warm, natural charm is most engaging.

In July, 1953, 26-year-old Rosemary Clooney married Jose Ferrer,

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CEYLON

for just £120



My wonder began when I arrived at Colombo—the gateway to Ceylon. Here in this magical city, where East meets West, I found a way of life that was refreshing, invigorating and full of glamorous excitement. Already I was glad I came.



Not far from Colombo I discovered the most wonderful beach in the world—beautiful Mt. Lavinia with its palm-fringed, golden sands and crystal-clear waters—where you swim and surf in shark-free waters. I spent many unforgettable hours at Mt. Lavinia.



And then to Kandy—age-old capital of the Sinhalese Kings. It was here that I saw the world's most spectacular Buddhist pageant—the famed Perahera. Richly caparisoned elephants; tinkling cymbals; bejewelled dancers — splendour I will never forget.



My journey to the hill country of Ceylon was like stepping into another world. There in a climate cool and refreshing, I began to believe—as legend does—that Ceylon is but a few miles from Paradise. Mile upon mile of scenic grandeur in a panorama of beauty.



Up among their glorious hills I enjoyed many hours of golf, tennis and horse riding and even tried my hand at trout fishing. Ceylon offers everything for the sport-lover . . . deep-sea fishing, big-game hunting, horse racing, golf, tennis, surfing, swimming.



Throughout this magic isle one sees many wonders. But those that never ceased to amaze and interest me were the ruined cities of ancient Ceylon—recognised as second only to the great works of ancient Greece. I shall return again to Ceylon—someday soon.

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A package tour of Ceylon for **one week** by luxury car costs £A83 . . . **two weeks** £A120 and **one month** £A220. First class hotel accommodation is available throughout Ceylon. See your travel agent for details or write for free maps, literature and Tour Bookings to the Ceylon Government Tourist Bureau, Colombo.

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CONCENTRATED FOAMING **DETERGENT**

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ The Student Prince

METRO'S zestful new version of "The Student Prince," Rudolf Friml's seasoned operetta, is good entertainment.

It features lilting music with ripe romance and generous helpings of nostalgia.

The slender story about a stuffy soldier-princeling who finds love and laughter with a pretty commoner in Heidelberg introduces Edmund Purdom as the darkly handsome hero, Prince Karl of Karlsburg.

Purdom, a recruit from the classical stage, is a Hollywood discovery who should please the girls. He is no flamboyant charm-boy, but has an assured acting style, English gravity, and a good speaking voice.

It will be interesting to see him in a role that tests his worth as an actor.

One can't help thinking how fortunate it is that Mario Lanza (weighing 20 stone and short in stature) cleared the way for princely Purdom by refusing the acting role and recording the songs.

Lanza's tumultuous tenor is heard throughout the picture singing all the songs off-stage while Purdom mouths the words and mimes before the cameras.

The musical score rings with all the tuneful old songs and choruses. There are also some interpolated numbers. Of these the love-song, "Beloved," is memorable.

Pretty ingenue Ann Blyth sings and acts attractively as the serving wench who wins the prince and loses him to a marriage of State.

Infallible Louis Calhern (King Ferdinand), Edmund Gwenn (an arch royal tutor), and S. Z. Sakall's fluttery innkeeper supply veteran support.

Filmed in Ansco color and CinemaScope, "The Student Prince" has its lush settings in the university town of Heidelberg and the mythical Prussian kingdom of Karlsburg.

In Sydney—St. James.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ "Knights of the Round Table," technicolor CinemaScope period adventure, starring Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "Gun Fury," technicolor Western, starring Rock Hudson, Donna Reed. Plus "Slaves of Babylon," technicolor drama, starring Richard Conte, Linda Christian.

LYRIC.—★ "Saadia," technicolor adventure, starring Rita Gam, Cornel Wilde, Mel Ferrer. Plus ★ "The Wild North," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Stewart Granger, Cyd Charisse. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "The Eddie Cantor Story," technicolor musical drama, starring Keefe Brasselle, Marilyn Erskine. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Diamond Queen," color romantic adventure, starring Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl. Plus ★ "Sierra Passage," Western, starring Wayne Morris, Lola Albright.

PLAZA.—★★ "Hondo," color Western drama, starring John Wayne, Geraldine Page, Ward Bond, Michael Pate. Plus ★ "The Fake," drama, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Coleen Gray.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Knock On Wood," technicolor comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Le Plaisir," French-language omnibus film, starring Claude Dauphin, Jean Gabin, Simone Simon. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "The Glenn Miller Story," technicolor musical biography, starring James Stewart, June Allyson. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "The Student Prince," technicolor romantic musical, starring Edmund Purdom, Ann Blyth. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

Films not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"So Big," drama, starring Jane Wyman, Sterling Hayden, Nancy Olson, Steve Forrest. Plus featurettes.

PARK.—"Hell's Half Acre," drama, starring Evelyn Keyes, Wendell Corey. Plus "Fighting Fools," comedy, starring Leo Gorcey.

REGENT.—"River of No Return," technicolor CinemaScope adventure, starring Marilyn Monroe, Robert Mitchum, Rory Calhoun. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—"Walls of Malapaga," Italian-language drama, starring Isa Miranda, Jean Gabin. Plus "School for Wives," comedy, starring Herbert Lom, Hugh McDermott, Brenda Bruce.

VICTORY.—"The Stranger Wore a Gun," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Claire Trevor. Plus "Sirens of Bagdad," technicolor adventure, starring Paul Henreid, Patricia Medina.

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1. FATALLY injured in unsuccessful torpedo experiment, Lieut. Vincent is replaced by Bradley, an American, with concurrence of Naval and scientific chiefs (in background).



2. AMERICAN sailors Shorty (Fredd Wayne), left, and Butch (Jeff Richards) report to Petty-Officer Herbert (Patric Doonan), right. They hit it off with everyone but Badger, the cook.

Crest of the Wave



★ "Crest of the Wave" (J. & R. Boulting) is based on the play "Seagulls Over Sorrento," by Hugh Hastings. The stage-play had a long run in Australia last year.

It tells an amusing and dramatic story of the human relationships between a mixed group of Naval personnel engaged on secret explosive work on a bleak Channel island.



3. CLASHES occur between American Bradley (Gene Kelly), right, and prejudiced Lieut. Wharton (John Justin).

4. LOFTY (Bernard Lee), right, a long-service sailor with no good-conduct stripes, reads to mess note from a sailor who also lost his life.





5. ORDERS cancel work of Bradley and Wharton after two more fatalities. They get permission to carry on, and eventually Wharton manages to isolate fault in their experiments.

6. LOTTERY to go on new trial is rigged by Lofty for Bradley and himself. In anticipation of being sent on a dangerous job, rest of the crew sets about settling personal squabbles.





7. LEFT. Fed-up with continual bully tactics of Petty-Officer Herbert, irate Lofty knocks him out before leaving with Bradley.

8. ABOVE. Mission is successfully completed. Later Bradley and Wharton agree to settle differences. The sailors go off to a new command.



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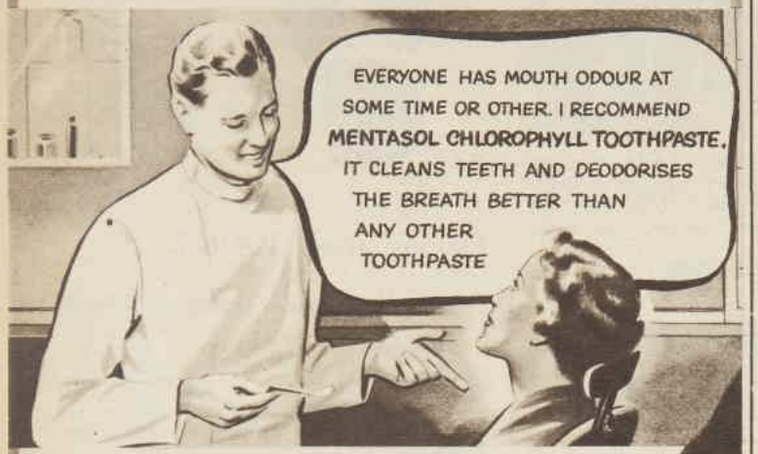
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MENTASOL DESTROYS ALL MOUTH ODOURS



The world's original
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Continuing . . . .

The Magicians

from page 34

packed and reeking canteens, crowded trams on wet nights, snarling political meetings held in Victorian Infant Schools, frayed collars sawing away at the neck, woollen underwear worn too long, headaches and indigestion and angry rashes, tinned fish and custard powder and suits that wrinkled and shoes that cracked and ships that never came home.

And if he made a million, he would still suggest that world, still be the furious disinherited man.

Sepman had made it clear at once that he was annoyed with Mervil and Karney and was ready on the smallest provocation to be equally annoyed with Ravenstreet. But Ravenstreet gave him none, carefully explaining that he had been approached by Mervil and Karney but had not yet committed himself to the scheme, although he had made a favorable test of Sepman Eighteen.

Sepman explained in turn that he had been a research man with a big local firm of chemical manufacturers, but had walked out of his job after some encouragement from Mervil and Prisk. He had used up all his patience working on the drug, which he had had to do at night and at the week-end, and now he expected everything to happen at once.

All this was while Ravenstreet was being shown his bedroom. Down below, over the gin-and-lime, the excited Nancy, who obviously regarded this as a social occasion, never allowed them to exchange more than two remarks without calling attention to herself.

Ravenstreet saw what Prisk had meant when he had talked about keeping little Nancy amused.

About twenty to eight Prisk came roaring up in an immensely long sports car bristling with lamps and badges, giving the impression he was taking part in the Monte Carlo Rally. His apologies for being late were perceptibly flavored with whisky; his color was high and his smile broad; but he took charge of everything at once, creating an atmosphere in which Nancy flowered into genuine gaiety, a woman whose splendid evening had begun.

There was some fast hocus-pocus about cars, which resulted in Prisk taking Nancy, who climbed into the super-sports-model as if she were home at last, and Ravenstreet being left to drive Ernest. Perhaps Prisk, who had given Ravenstreet a knowing look, thought a sedate journey in his car would offer a chance for some solid talk; and then perhaps not, thought Ravenstreet, who had already begun to entertain certain suspicions.

Actually, Sepman, loosened by the gin he had had, talked all the way about himself.

"If you think I like this sort of life, Sir Charles," he said in his grating fashion, "you can think again. I've had about as much of it as I can stand. Same with Nancy, of course, only she doesn't show it like I do. You'd never think, would you, to look at her and hear her talk, that she was as fed up as I am? She is, though. Scraping along here's been murder.

"I want a lot more money and I'm going to get it, don't you worry. If it wasn't for the chance of marketing Eighteen—time we gave it a name, isn't it?—I'd be out of this country like a shot. And unless Mervil and you lot come up to scratch pretty soon, I'll be off anyhow, either to the States or Canada, if it costs me my last penny getting there, which it will.

"Don't forget I've had to do this research, years of it, too, in my own time, usually after a hard day's work or at the week-end. And had to turn cartwheels to keep it to myself. If the firm had got on to it, I'd have been lucky to have got another twenty quid and a vote of thanks at the annual general meeting. But I got it out right under their noses—and serve 'em right. Got to look after yourself—let's face it.

"But, mind you," and the snarl left his voice, "I could never have done it if it hadn't been for Nancy. It was just as bad for her—worse, I expect—but she believed in me—told me to go right on and not worry about her, though it might mean nights and week-ends on her own. She's been wonderful, Nancy has," he added, almost dreamily.

And Ravenstreet knew that his companion, now silent, was worshipfully contemplating a magical image that might or might not bear some resemblance to the woman giggling somewhere ahead of them with Prisk. This fierce little chemist, who turned so truthful and shrewd an eye on his retorts and test-tubes, went home to live in a dream world, adoring somebody who simply wasn't there.

"I've done it mostly for her," Sepman continued, almost as if he were being interviewed. Ravenstreet wasn't hurrying, and the car was wonderfully quiet.

"I don't know what you're going to put in the adverts—the usual bilge, I suppose—and of course I'm not going to interfere—but I don't mind telling you that I've not been slaving away for the public good—no fear. The public can take a running jump at itself. I stopped liking people a long time since. I bet you've forgotten what they're really like."

Mildly ironical, Ravenstreet pointed out that his life was not so sheltered as Sepman seemed to imagine.

"No doubt, but you want to try living on this income level to find out what most people are like. Sheep or rats, that's what most of 'em are nowadays. An' they're getting worse so far as I can see. Sheep and rats. Either with no guts to stand up for themselves, to tell somebody important to go jump in the lake, and have to take what they're given, do what they're told. Or all the time trying it on, fiddling and finagling, selling anybody out for fourpence.

"Some of my old Socialist pals, who used to thump it out at street corners, are among the worst. The rest are just mugs, who believe what they read in the paper or what they see and hear on the radio or TV. Mervil has them taped, you must have heard him. Mugs! Drugs for mugs," he cried with harsh derision.

"That's the business we're going into. And I'm not grumbling so long as I get my percentage. But once we get going and it's all ticking over nicely, you won't see Nancy and me for dust. Where are we going? I don't know yet, but it'll be a long way from here if I can manage it."

His voice softened and took on a boyish note. "I'd like some sort of yacht, to go anywhere, with a good little lab. I could work in when I fancied it."

Meanwhile, Ravenstreet asked, did he and Nancy console themselves with liberal doses of Sepman Eighteen?

"No," replied Sepman, frowning. "To start with, there aren't liberal doses to be had. I've had to try it, of course, but so far I've kept it away from Nancy. Slow up—this is the place. Food's good—

To page 39



For Him ★ Single, cellophane-wrapped, coloured Polo Handkerchiefs in finest Egyptian cotton . . . 3/3 each. Also in white, 2/9. Initials, 9d. extra ★ Handsome gift boxes of coloured Polo Handkerchiefs. Box of 3 . . . 9/9. Box of 6 . . . 19/6.



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For Her ★ Delicate ladies' Polo Handkerchiefs, attractively cellophane-wrapped. Striped designs guaranteed colour-fast . . . 1/9 ★ Free gift box of 3 ladies' Polo Handkerchiefs . . . 5/3. A present any woman would love.

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famous blackmarket place at one time—and Nancy likes to come here whenever we think we can afford it—but there are too many twerps throwing their weight about here to suit me. That's right—turn in here. The other two are here—there's his car."

He put a detaining hand on Ravenstreet's arm. "This chap Prisk a friend of yours?"

"Not at all. I've met him only two or three times. Why? Don't you like him?"

Sepman replied in a low, angry tone: "No, I think he's a nasty bit of work. Gets on my nerves—pretending to be a fool and trying to be too clever all the time. Nancy doesn't like him really either, but she thinks we ought to keep in with him because he's so close to Mervil and the big money. He doesn't know it, but she kids him along. And he thinks he's so clever—wonderful, isn't it? Hasn't a clue where she's concerned. You watch."

Ravenstreet replied truthfully that he would. He followed Sepman into the crowded little cocktail bar, where Nancy was happily kidding Prisk along over more drinks.

This inn was a tasteless compromise between Ye Olde Englishe and the seedier West End night-clubs, and was doing a fine trade with angry little men like Sepman trying to celebrate something, and with the smarter types of South Cheshire.

Prisk, an old hand at this sort of thing, tried to take charge again, but this time Sepman rather angrily insisted upon playing host and doing it all himself. This worked badly because he was spending far more than he could comfortably afford, so that his anxiety made him still more aggressive and he had a nasty scene with the waiter.

This embarrassed Nancy, who in turn was grateful when Prisk, the old hand with waiters, came to their rescue. Feeling much discomfort in the middle of the hot, crowded dining-room, Ravenstreet ate his smoked salmon and roast duck, and made no attempt to rescue anybody from anything. He maintained a watchful and

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rather sardonic silence while Sepman, still keeping his feud going, glared and muttered, and Nancy, with the slightly hysterical over-emphasis of a woman who feels she is riding high, rallied and giggled at the irrepressible Prisk, who among other things entertained them with an account of a big film party he had recently attended.

This led to trouble, because Nancy was, as she said, "thrilled to the marrow" by the glamor of such occasions, and her Ernest was dead against them.

"All this glamor," he snarled, "what's it amount to? Who are they, these people, when you get down to brass tacks? What have they got that we haven't got? When you get down to it—nothing but a lot of silly publicity. You may swallow that stuff," he was glaring at Prisk, "but I don't. It doesn't fool me."

"Quite right, old boy," cried Prisk. "Doesn't fool me either. Not on your life. I've been in the kitchen where it's cooked, chummie. I know how it's done. I'll be helping to do it to you two soon, I hope. Leave it to me." And he beamed at them through an alcoholic haze.

Nancy gave him a long sideways look; she was flushed, dimpling, dark-curled, moist, and all ripe. Ravenstreet saw Sepman, forgetting his anger, stare hungrily at her; but she was too busy with Prisk to give him an answering, welcoming smile.

Feeling rather like a hermit a hundred years old, Ravenstreet began to think about the Magicians, wondering what they would make out of these three. They should have their chance, he decided again.

As Sepman still insisted upon paying for the dinner (although Prisk pleaded a fat expense account) and was obviously ready for another angry scene with the waiter, whose every item would be checked, Nancy declared that she couldn't wait because the room was now so unbearably hot and accepted Prisk's offer to run her home at once.

It was about a quarter of an hour later when Ravenstreet and Sepman left; nevertheless, the other two were not there when they got back. There was time for plenty of unsettled talk—for Sepman was plainly uneasy—before the other two did return.

"Where have you been?" Sepman demanded angrily.

"Darling, it was that stupid car," cried Nancy, whose cheeks were burning and her eyes dancing bright.

"Gaskets again, old boy." Prisk wagged his head with impudent solemnity. "I'll have to turn in that bus. Took me half an hour at least, near those crossroads, to get her to move at all, and then we had to crawl. Too bad." And it was, thought Ravenstreet.

NANCY said sweetly, "Well, you men want to talk. I'm going to bed. Stay up as long as you like, Ernest, darling. I know it's all frightfully important. "With a last glimmer of mischief showing somewhere, in an eye, a dimple, a curl, she departed. Sepman stared after her like an untidy little bull bewildered in a strange field. For a moment Ravenstreet felt sorry for him.

They settled down to talk, solid men now. Prisk told them about the first medical report, which was cautious but not antagonistic. Sepman had some ideas about manufacturing the drug on a large scale, and Ravenstreet asked some questions. The discussion drifted on.

Then Ravenstreet, who had done this sort of thing before, decided to clear the way for his demand that they should meet at his house. It would need a little performance and he began to stage it. He asked sharp questions in a dissatisfied tone, looked dubious, showed impatience, shrugged himself into silence.

Prisk took the bait.

"You're not with us, old boy, are you?" He was worried. "Just bored or have you some objections?"

"Both. I think we're wasting time." He knew that would appeal to Sepman. "This isn't any use. Of course I've some objections — who wouldn't have? But that's not the point. Nothing can be settled here."

"It wasn't suggested that anything could be settled here," said Prisk. "The idea was for you to get together with Sepman, and for us to have the general chat we have had. Can't see what's worrying you, chummie——"

Ravenstreet stood up, pretending to be annoyed. "It isn't necessary you should see, Prisk. I'll talk to Lord Mervil."

"Now, now, please, Ravenstreet!" Prisk was on his feet now. "He'll think I've botched it somehow. And what am I supposed to have done wrong? What do you say, Sepman?"

"I'm not saying anything," Sepman replied, with no particular show of friendliness. "It's between you two, whatever it is. Except that if Sir Charles thinks that time is being wasted, I'm on his side. You people ought to get busy now."

Ravenstreet looked at him. "Exactly. What I want is a proper round-table conference at the earliest possible moment —tomorrow, if it can be managed. And the place for it is my house at Broxley—not too far from here or from London." He looked at Prisk now. "The three of us and Mervil and Karney. I can put you all up for the night. But it must be at once——"

"Couldn't be too soon for me," Sepman put in eagerly.

"All right, all right, all right," cried Prisk, obviously relieved. "I'm quite happy about it—couldn't agree with you more. Only let me handle it, please. You know what Mervil's like—he's always up to the neck, or when he isn't he pretends to be—and put it

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How to make...

HUNGARIAN STEW

(with Keen's Mustard)

2½ lbs. beef
1 teaspn. salt; ¼ teaspn. pepper
1 onion minced
2 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons Mustard
4 cups bouillon or water
½ cup tomato juice
4 tablespoons butter

Cut meat in cubes, fry in pan until brown, add chopped onion, seasoning and flour, continue frying 10 minutes, pour stock over and cook until tender, then add tomato juice and a little cream. Serves 5 to 6 people.

SWISS STEAK SAVOURY

(with Keen's Mustard)

2 lbs. round steak
2 small kidneys
6 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon ginger
1/3 teaspoon mixed dry herbs
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon Mustard
4 onions
1 tablespoon Worcestershire Sauce

Cut steak and kidneys in small pieces. Mix flour, ginger, salt and mixed herbs. Roll meat in mixture. Put in casserole, add Mustard and Worcestershire Sauce. Cover with boiling water, simmer 2 hours. Add onions and cook 1 hour longer. (To prepare quickly, use pressure cooker.) Serves 4 or 5 people.

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Continuing . . . .

The Magicians

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to him and he'll suggest the middle of August——"

"I'm having no more of that." Sepman shouted angrily, doing exactly what Ravenstreet had hoped he would do. "There's been a lot too much already. Sir Charles Ravenstreet's talking sense—he's got the right idea——"

"Yes, yes, old boy, I agree," cried Prisk. "Calm down. And let's have a drink before we go any further. We all need one. Then I'll start telephoning. It's all very well you fellows getting rough," he went on, as he helped himself to whisky, "but, believe me, there's only one man in England who can get Mervil out of his engagements tomorrow and have him show up in Warwickshire—and that's your chum Prisk. If it can be done, I can do it, knowing what those engagements are and how they can be put off."

He swallowed his drink in one great gulp. "Now lead me to the phone."

"It's in the hall, you can't miss it. And then, when Prisk had gone out, Sepman looked inquiringly at Ravenstreet. "Suppose my wife wanted to come along, would you have any objection?"

Ravenstreet told him he would be delighted to entertain Mrs. Sepman.

"Mind if I go and have a word with her? I don't think she'll be asleep yet."

Left to himself to yawn, Ravenstreet began wondering what he thought he was up to. Out of electrical engineering, the only trade he really knew, messing around on the edge of some possible drug-manufacturing concern, at the same time lending himself to the preposterous plotting of three eccentric old men—wasn't he beginning to make a fool of himself?

Could this, together with his growing desire to explore his past, in memory if not in "time alive," be taken as evidence that he was beginning, at a ridiculously early age, to break up? Or was it simply that he was now climbing out of a rut? Another self, long in hiding, coming forward to take control? Had the Magicians been at work on him?

"She'd like to come along," said Sepman on his return. "And it'll make a change for her. She's had it round here, like me. So that's settled. That is, if Prisk can persuade his boss."

"How do you get on with Mervil?"

"He wants something I've got," said Sepman grimly. "I want something he's got—money. I don't think he trusts me. I know I don't trust him. That's about how it stands. He doesn't kid me. Once he'd got the Eighteen formula—and of course he's had one of those sample tablets analysed, you can bet your boots on that, but it won't have done him any good—it'd be all right to him if somebody like Prisk was having me beaten raw in a concentration camp. It annoys him to have to negotiate with somebody like me. He wants a setup where chaps like me take orders—or else. In short, he's a nasty bit of work, like our chum on the telephone out there. Only more dangerous, of course."

He looked hard at Ravenstreet. "I'm risking something talking like this to you, because after all it was Mervil who put you on to me. I'll tell you why I'm doing it. I don't feel the same about you. You're a different type. You've made things, real things, not just done a lot of manipulating and finagling in the background, kidding the poor dear public—which is Mervil's game, probably Karney's, too. I'm glad you're in this, Ravenstreet. You don't look at me, when you think I'm not watching, as if I'd crawled from under a stone, which is what Mervil does. If anything goes wrong at this conference and you don't think you can work with the other two, make me a reasonable offer and I'll come in with you."

Ravenstreet felt guilty. "It wouldn't work, Sepman. I don't control the sort of machinery you need, I don't mean for manufacturing the stuff but for making the public aware of it. As it is, I'm only half in this. I've not committed myself. No, Mervil's your man, even if you don't like him. Incidentally, I rather share your opinion of him."

"I thought you would," said Sepman gloomily. "That's why I risked telling you. Pity, though, we can't do it together. But I see what you mean. And I want the money. Must have it."

"Yes, I've gathered that." Ravenstreet sounded dubious.

"Seems to worry you." Sepman hesitated a moment, then produced a harsh little laugh. "You've not done so badly, I understand."

"No, I suppose not," Ravenstreet replied slowly. "But that's because I've never really gone after it. I've been busy doing something else, which I wanted to do—designing and manufacturing electrical equipment—and fortunately the money came along too. But it's my experience, Sepman, that you've got to be a very special type—and not one I'm very fond of—to go after money itself, making it your chief aim. If you're not that special nose-for-it type, then it's much better to make something else your target and hope the money will be there. You see what I mean?"

But of course it was no use.

"I see what you mean, and you may be right. But then I think I'm one of those fellows with a nose for it. I've been stuck in a lab. for years, but only so that I could come out with a bang. I may look like one of these scientists you see in films about atomic secrets—absentminded, untidy sort of bloke—but really I'm not that type at all. You won't hear any big words about Science from me, Ravenstreet. I have to laugh when I read some of the tripe these journalists write about it." He did laugh, harshly.

"You won't get that stuff from me. What Science has done for Modern Man! How lucky we are to be living in this scientific age! Don't you believe it. For everything it gives us, it takes something at least equally as good away from us. Take my Eighteen and it'll stop you feeling worried for a few hours—good enough! But what are you worried about? Who and what have made you feel so anxious?"

"But what about that little lab. you'd like to install in that dream yacht of yours?"

"Oh — well!" Sepman grinned in a rather boyish fashion, suddenly making himself likeable. "It's the only thing I know—and I'd like to try a few experiments. Mind you, I make no promises. Once I'm on that yacht, off into the blue with Nancy, I might never want to do another hour's work."

It was then exactly that Ravenstreet knew, without any doubt whatever, that Sepman would never see his yacht, never make a fortune, never realise the least ambitious of his

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dreams, that in fact his doom was already hanging over him. So strong was his conviction that he had to turn away his head, as if Sepman might read his doom in one single glance, like a character in some wise ironic old tale of the chessboard of fate.

The multiplicity of things, the vast elaboration of the surface of life, the records of our conquests and triumphs, concealed from us the fact that we were all still characters in such old tales, epitomes of this life, and so still went blindly, like Greek or Norse heroes, Arabian buffoons or Indian princes, along the course of our destiny.

"What's the matter?" asked Sepman, almost startling him.

"Tired." Ravenstreet could look at him now. "I hadn't much of a night last night, and it's been a long day."

A few minutes later Prisk burst in.

"Well, thank your uncle, chummies—I've fixed it. I haven't spoken to Karney, but the Chief'll do that. He'd never have agreed if he hadn't been coming north anyhow, day after tomorrow. They'll be with you about seven. Gives us plenty of time. What are we going to do?"

"I'm leaving after breakfast," said Ravenstreet decisively. "I'll drive straight to the Central Electric works, where I've a few jobs to finish. You two and Mrs. Sepman can set off much later, and arrive at my place about tea-time, when I'll be back."

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"How do we find it?" asked Sepman.

"Leave that to me, old boy," cried Prisk, seemingly in high spirits. "I'm the wizard of the world when it comes to finding places."

"I dare say," said Sepman dryly. "But I've to come back here, don't forget. So I'm going in my own car—with my wife. We can leave after lunch. Now what is it—Broxley Manor?" And he took a note of Ravenstreet's directions.

The bedroom Ravenstreet had been given was the whole length of the landing away from that of the Sepmans, so he was not worried about being overheard when Prisk, from next door, came in, proffering a flask.

"A nightcap, old boy? No? Don't mind if I do, do you? Thought we'd better have a chat if you're leaving so soon in the morning." He was wearing Moroccan slippers, scarlet silk pyjamas, a flowered dressing-gown, and he looked like somebody fairly important in a decaying Empire.

Ravenstreet pointed to the only easy chair and then dumped himself on to a pouf thing. "I'll probably regret it, but I'll light another pipe."

"Like an oven in my room," Prisk grumbled. "Too small—ceiling too low—not enough window. Enough knick-knacks to stock a seaside gift shop. I couldn't live like this, Ravenstreet. Just the wrong level for me. I could go below it—have done—and rise well above it. But this is death. No wonder they both scream to get out of it. What d'you make of him?"

"He's not a type I care for much," said Ravenstreet slowly, keeping his pipe in his mouth and watching the smoke curl and fade. "Too much resentment, too much cheap cynicism. And he's expecting too much, in the wrong way. He's the contemporary Angry Little Man——"

"Good enough!"

"But as you've more or less brought up the subject, Prisk, I think there's something I ought to tell you." He hesitated a moment. "This chap's in love with his wife. In a special way, I fancy, far more than most men are in love with their wives. She's the magic—all he can find. So—be careful."

"Now, now, old boy—don't get wrong ideas——"

He ignored that.

"I don't imagine tonight's the first time—and of course it's nothing to do with me—but I wouldn't be talking like this if it hadn't been fairly obvious. To me, of course, not to him. But even to him, Prisk, you stretched it tonight as far as it'll safely go. He doesn't like you—and though he won't allow himself yet to suspect her—or rather savagely suppresses his suspicions, which probably date back some time—he's nearing the point where he might blow up. I don't want to interfere. But even as a mere onlooker, I'm telling you to be careful."

Prisk dropped all pretence now.

"You're right, of course," he began rather gloomily. "The poor little devil might do something desperate. And if I make any more trouble that way, I've had it so far as Mervil's concerned. He's told me so pretty plainly. I fancy I overheard him telling you, the night you dined and I was playing butler round the corner, that food, drink, and women would be my ruin. As a matter of fact, I'm not an all-round womaniser. The fancy pieces I meet round about Mayfair don't appeal at all. But there's a certain type of youngish suburban or provincial wifie, bored and dissatisfied, all prunes and prisms in company but burning and clamoring for sex when you get 'em alone, that I just can't resist. No matter what's at stake."

RAVENSTREET said nothing, and Prisk hurried on, "It's the sheer impudent mischief of the thing that gets me. I can tell when it's there—and these girls can exchange some pretty swift signals, believe you me, chummie—and I just have to play. And this one, of course, if a very swift hot number—take any risk, like tonight. Naturally I'm not the first. I don't know the details—though she's let slip a few—but my bet is there's been a fair amount of swift dirty work round here while poor little hubby's been kept at his lab. A lot of local boys must have done nicely for themselves while Sepman Eighteen was being discovered.

"I know—don't look like that. But after all, that's how things are. My old man died when I was twenty, and just before he went he said to me: 'Pippy, all I'm leaving you is a ruin, an overdraft, letters of introduction to three of the biggest rogues in London, and a piece of advice. It's this—make your mind up from now on that most people are pretty low—if not by birth then by inclination—and treat 'em as such.' That's what my old man said, and he wasn't far wrong. And even when people aren't too bad, what do they get?

"Here's little Sepman—no great shakes, all resentment and misery—but, as you say, he's in love with his little Nancy, with stars in his eyes. And what's he got?"

"Probably something you've never found, while it worked. But I don't give it much longer. Only—don't help it to crash." He was to remember that word afterwards.

"I've confessed to my little weakness," said Prisk, leaning forward and keeping his voice low. "But don't think I had to work on her. She beat the whistle. Not only does he bore her, but she's reached the point where she hates him. I tell you, Ravenstreet, it's that bit of a devil in all these women that gets me. It's a fact I'd no intention of taking her tonight—but she saw to that. Cad's talk, Prisk, cad's talk!" He hoisted himself, billowing with silk, out of the chair, and yawned.

"But thanks for the tip about him. I thought he was a bit cagy about our journey tomorrow. Taking no chances. I'll try to behave. Well, you want to turn in. 'Night, old boy!"

It was some time, however, before Ravenstreet actually did turn in. He dropped into the easy chair that Prisk had occupied, pulled at a pipe that had long since gone out, and stared at the open window and the patch of night it revealed.

His thoughts seemed to join the sombre procession of the thoughts that had accompanied him there. Nothing he had seen and heard since he arrived compelled them to find a new direction. They moved on slowly, lost and sad.

. . . . .

Mervil and Karney arrived just after seven. Fortunately, Ravenstreet was in the garden, and so was able to hurry across to greet them. Mervil was curt.

"I hope Prisk told you," he said at once, "that if I hadn't been going to the north anyhow tomorrow, I wouldn't have considered this notion of yours for a moment. I like to talk business in town, not in a country-house atmosphere. Hello—who are those fellows?" He was staring across the lawn at the Magicians, still under their tree.

This was the hard part, and the moment had come sooner than Ravenstreet had expected. "Fellow guests."

"Ravenstreet!" Karney swore violently.

"All right, Karney," said Mervil, icily angry. "This is preposterous, Ravenstreet. You insist that we hold an urgent secret meeting here, and now it seems you're not alone—got a house full of people."

"Apart from Sepman and his wife and Prisk, all I have are these three old buffers, two of them foreigners. I invited them here because they were staying in a local hotel that was put out of action by a jet fighter two days ago. They had a narrow escape. I happened to arrive on the scene just after the accident happened, so I asked them to spend a few days here to save them time and trouble. Apparently they only meet at fairly long intervals, to hold some sort of little conference."

"Discussing what?" Mervil was still cold and curt but had lost some of his anger.

"As I leave 'em to it, I can't tell you," said Ravenstreet, without any note of apology. "But I'm willing to bet all I have that whatever it is, it's a long way from the patent medicine trade or any business we three are likely to be interested in. As you'll see at once when you meet 'em—they're scholars of a kind—eccentrics—mystics—that sort of thing."

"They certainly look like it from here," said Karney easily. But he gave Mervil an inquiring glance.

"Why didn't you tell Prisk they were here?" demanded Mervil.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *BY RUD*



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Ravenstreet took the offensive.

"Why should I? I haven't to explain to Prisk what goes on in my house. And it never occurred to me that you fellows couldn't talk business with three old gentlemen somewhere else in the house. We'll all have to be together for dinner and just afterwards, I imagine, but that still leaves us plenty of time."

"I suppose so," said Mervil. "Did you say Sepman had brought his wife?"

"Yes. He asked me if he could bring her."

"I'd have told him to leave her at home, where she belongs." Mervil's tone made it a rebuke.

"But I've seen him since you have." Ravenstreet made it clear he was not accepting the rebuke. "The little man's left his job. He's impatiently waiting for you to go ahead. He resents any delay. He's suspicious and irritable. He needs careful handling——"

"I know his type, Ravenstreet. I've handled, very successfully, too, dozens of them. Leave Sepman to me."

"I'll be delighted to," said Ravenstreet dryly.

"We shan't need Prisk," Mervil continued. "He can amuse Mrs. Sepman."

If anything was to be said about Prisk and the Sepmans, this was the moment to say it, Ravenstreet realised. But at once he decided against it. Mervil thought he could control events, so let him control them. So Ravenstreet merely nodded.

"I'll show you your rooms." He felt as if he were showing actors their dressing-rooms before the performance they had agreed to stage for him.

This sense of the theatre, of some approaching performance with which he had little to do except for some easy stage-management, was still with him when he was offering them all cocktails and sherry in the drawing-room. The cast had assembled; the curtain was about to rise; an unknown comedy or tragedy was about to be played.

As he made the introductions and helped Wiverson with the drinks, he felt that all of them were already playing themselves with an extra sharpness and depth of characterisation. Sepman, Prisk, and Karney were probably doing it in all innocence; Mrs. Sepman had her sex's intuitive feeling for the occasion; Mervil could not help being a performer, especially with a mixed company of this sort, and the Magicians—there could be no doubt about that—had stepped at once into roles they had decided for themselves.

Wayland was the dreamy, elderly crank, about to lecture them on health foods, Nature Cure, the Single Tax, the Astral Body; Marot was a morose old ruin, lost and muttering in some dreary lunacy; and Perperek, enjoying every moment, was the greedy and obese old foreign clown-merchant.

"Is fine for me," he cried, twinkling away, "to meet many rich clever peoples. I like very much."

"I like very much, too," said Prisk, grinning. He had had a few drinks somewhere already and was flushed and impudent. Nancy Sepman giggled and he gave her a swift wink.

Perperek beamed upon them. "We are same kind of men, I think. Like to eat, to drink, to laugh—and be comicals. You think?" he asked Nancy.

"Yes, I think," she cried, in the Prisk manner.

"Is good. We have plenty drink—so we laugh, eh? Sir Charles Rav-en-street you give us plenty drink, pliz." And he flashed a look at Ravenstreet, who immediately found them more drinks.

But a few minutes later he was able to take Perperek on one side. Nancy was happy with Prisk; Sepman was arguing with Karney; and Mervil was busy explaining something to Wayland and Marot.

"You do fine," said Perperek softly. "Everything is good—just as we wish."

"But don't forget I can only keep these people here tonight, and that very soon after dinner Mervil will expect us to retire and have our business talk. I don't know what you think you can do, but I must warn you that you haven't much time. And as you know, I don't really want that business talk—it was all bluff to get them here——"

"Yes, yes—is fine. Now you finish. We do rest. You see. Plenty good wine at dinner? Yes? Is big help."

Ravenstreet tried to penetrate the clown mask. For a moment he succeeded. Perperek's face suddenly changed, as he had seen it do once before; all the curves and lines of fat buffoonery seemed to vanish; the dark eyes no longer twinkled but stared from some ebony throne of power.

"I don't know what you think you can do to these people," said Ravenstreet very quietly, addressing himself now to the face of power. "And it's late to be saying this. But now we're all here, I'm not feeling very happy about it. I asked them here. They're my guests——"

"Is good feeling. But now I tell you."

PERPEREK waited a moment, wearing his clown face again, then spoke in a whisper. "We do one little thing to start. After, perhaps each man more himself—show more. What happen then we do not make happen. Perhaps each man get what he ask for. We see. You read magic folk tales?"

"Do you mean children's fairy-tales? No, of course not—but I still remember some of them. Why?"

"In many such tales, all over the world, man can have wishes only he has wrong wishes. Is wise picture of life. Yes, yes, yes," he suddenly shouted, startling Ravenstreet, who had not noticed Wiverson's entrance. "Dinner is served—dinner is served." He grinned broadly at the whole company. "Most beautiful words in English language."

What that "one little thing to start" was, Ravenstreet failed to discover then or ever afterwards. He observed, however, that during the first ten minutes or so at dinner all three Magicians hardly spoke or touched their food and drink; and he had the impression that they were busy concentrating, in some peculiar fashion, on the other guests, who were talking fairly freely.

But as he was still acknowledged to be the most important of them, Mervil was not long in making himself heard above the rest and finally addressing the table.

"It's quite simple," he declared, when he had everybody's attention. "Man must make the best of a brief existence on this planet. He has nothing else. We all recognise that. Even the priests and parsons, except for a few fanatics, don't believe what they say. They want what the rest of us want—either ease and comfort or real power. In all the progressive industrialised regions, which alone count for anything, the great mass of people now will pay almost any price for an easy painless life, without any real effort, responsibility, anxiety, fear, suffering.

"I realised this years ago, when I acquired a controlling interest in my newspapers, and immediately put it to the test. I told my editors to give their readers just what they hoped to learn from newspapers. If we knew they were afraid of war, for example, we told them day after day that there couldn't possibly be a war. We treated them, in fact, like spoilt children. And that's what they wanted, having refused deliberately to grow up. But of course a world like this, with ever-increasing population, can't be run by such childish intelligences. If we all lived on this mindless mass level, with rapidly dwindling resources of courage, initiative, executive ability, creative thinking, in fifty years we shouldn't even be able to feed, clothe, house ourselves.

"Even now the rot has set in on the lower levels. The fellows may look better, but this is a case where appearances are particularly deceptive. You're an industrialist, Ravenstreet, you've had to work with them. Wouldn't you agree that the real standard—and it must have to do with energy, ability, ambition—is going down?"

"I'm probably biased," Ravenstreet replied cautiously, "but I certainly prefer the older men. However, don't let us sidetrack ourselves. This isn't your main point. Go on."

"I repeat, then, it's quite simple." Mervil looked round commandingly. "We can only escape disaster by a comparatively small ruling elite, who haven't committed themselves to self-deception, taking over all real power. There's no way out. The few adults must rule the children."

"I don't agree with any of this," cried Sepman aggressively.

"Probably not," Mervil said dryly. "I'm not particularly

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300 years older than Sydney

A SYDNEY woman of Hungarian birth owns a Bible which was 300 years old when the First Fleet dropped anchor in Sydney Harbor.

The Bible was printed at Augsburg, Germany, in 1487. It is bound in well-preserved pigskin, has wood-cut type, and contains more than 100 wood-cut illustrations—vivid examples of 15th-century craftsmanship.

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☐ *Steam iron?* ☐ *Cellophane tape?* ☐ *Mothballs?*

Velvets and velveteens need to be de-wrinkled, de-fluffed. Never *iron* velvet; hang in a steam-filled bathroom. Cellophane tape around the fingers (sticky side out), picks up fluff. Velvet needs care—so does Kotex. Keep yours in the box at its absorbent best. But no worries about which side to wear. The Kotex moisture-proof safety centre is in the middle—*either* side is right.



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☐ *For a New Man in Town?* ☐ *If asked to a big dance?* ☐ *For a blind date?*

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anxious to convert you, Sepman." The contempt was obvious.

"I suppose I'm not one of your precious elite." Sepman was angry.

"We're not discussing that ——"

"Is interesting question, though," said Perperek, with an air of smiling innocence. "Is pity not to say."

Mervil, who clearly thought the fat old foreigner a tactless fool, moved his shoulders impatiently. "It may be a pity, but I prefer not to discuss——"

"You needn't," Sepman told him sharply. "You've given yourself away already."

"Ernest, stop it," cried his wife. "I'm so sorry, Lord Mervil. It's only because he's so worried and anxious——"

"Now—now—now!" Prisk had rushed in to prevent her saying too much. "Mustn't have wifeliness tonight, dearie. And these gentlemen" — he obviously indicated the Magicians—"wouldn't be interested in our little problems." He grinned round at them.

Wayland now asked for Mervil's attention. Even in his role as elderly crank whose wits had probably been addled by the East, Wayland still suggested distinction and charm and it was clear that Mervil was more tolerant of him than he was of the two dotty old foreigners.

"This elite you speak of, Lord Mervil," Wayland began, smiling apologetically. "You say they are the few adults, the realists, the men—and women too perhaps, I don't know——"

"I do," Mervil told him rather grimly. "Leave the women out of it."

"Very well, though it seems unfortunate." Wayland flashed his smile again. "But these adults, realists, men who have faced their despair, and so are fit to rule, they cannot work only from the despair they have faced. Despair isn't very inspiring, I imagine. What then will inspire them—give them energy, force, creative power? It's not a foolish question, I hope." His tone was humble, woolly-soft, but to Ravenstreet's ear, alert for every sign, there was a faint crisping of irony.

Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 42

"Certainly not, Mr.—er—Wayland. It's a very sensible question." Mervil was courteous but a trifle condescending. "These members of the elite will of course enjoy such good things as this world offers its masters. I don't rate all that very high myself. But they'll enjoy the exercise of their ability. And they'll enjoy a sense of power. Being realists and not given to self-deception, they'll know they can't reasonably expect more than that—and are fortunate to have so much. I hope that answers your question."

"It's good enough for me," cried Karney, as Wayland merely nodded, apparently too shy to say any more.

"Is adult talk—eh?" said Perperek, his yellow moon of a face all one vast falsely admiring smile.

"I think so." Mervil was curt with the old fool.

"Wonderful!" Perperek wagged his head. Then he looked anxious. "But no women? All women go with children people, eh? Is a pity, I think."

"So do I," cried Nancy, taking this one chance of joining in. "I think it's a shame, Lord Mervil."

"Is big shame. Always I like women very moch." He looked inquiringly at Mervil, who merely gave him a sketch of a shrug.

"Always I like women very much, too," cried Prisk, his burlesque more obvious than ever.

Perperek looked at him. "Not in right way, I think. Very dangerous. Woman has old powers from Earth — suddenly perhaps she punish—very bad."

"I'm sorry, old boy, but I don't know what you're talking about." And Prisk laughed, but Ravenstreet saw that he was not unimpressed, secretly perhaps rather shaken.

Now it was Marot's turn. He was sitting opposite Mervil, and now he pointed a very long, large-knuckled forefinger across the table.

"One more question, if you please," he began slowly, gravely. He stared hard at Mervil as he spoke. "These rulers—they will have pity for all the childish people they rule?"

Marot was too impressive now to be contemptuously dismissed; Mervil had to take his question seriously.

"I thought I'd made that point. We try to give them what we know they really want. And what they couldn't obtain for themselves. What our individual feelings might be—pity or contempt, or perhaps a mixture of both—are of no consequence, my dear sir. We mustn't forget that the masses are as necessary to us as we are to them."

"Is that true?" Marot was still staring hard. "There are so many of them, these stupid people. More machines—mechanical workers — might be found to do their work. Why should you keep millions you do not want?"

RAVENSTREET observed that Mervil was looking restive. He said hastily, "We can cross that bridge when we come to it," and gave an involuntary shake of the head, as if he found Marot's fixed stare oppressive.

"In Russia, I think," cried Perperek, "bridge was crossed. Arrest all peoples not liked by secret police. Send them to work in desert, in cold forest. They do some work — good! They die—what a pity!" He looked round beaming, as if he ought to be applauded for being so helpful.

Mervil gave his plate a little push and leant back in his chair, then glanced impatiently at Ravenstreet.

He said, addressing the table rather than Perperek, "We're not arriving anywhere — going round in a circle. Let's change the subject."

"It was your subject, not ours," said Sepman nastily. "The fact is, you talk very grandly about this elite, but you're not prepared to tell us how far they're prepared to go. But you're not kidding me, Mervil. You'll be like any other gang that's got itself in power to push people around. I don't blame you for that—it serves 'em right—they've asked for it—but when you say you might have some pity for 'em, you make me laugh."

"Is good to laugh," Perperek told him eagerly. "But I cannot hear you laughing."

"Not very funny." Sepman's glance was as sour as his tone.

"Really, Ernest, you are awful tonight," his wife protested.

"All right then," he shouted, "I'm awful. You're ashamed of me. Sir Charles is embarrassed. Lord Mervil can't hide his dislike, even though he does want something I've got. I don't know what Sir Edwin Karney feels—and he doesn't look as if he does either. As for these three——"

But here he was interrupted. Horrified not so much by what he had said as by his outrageous manner, the reckless explosion, Nancy had had enough. Blazing with anger, she marched from the table, and throwing a word of apology to Ravenstreet, Prisk sprang up quickly to follow her. To Ravenstreet's surprise, Sepman ignored these departures; he emptied his glass and then stared at it sullenly.

"Mr. Sepman, what did you wish to say about my friends and me?" Marot inquired smoothly.

"Nothing worth saying. I lost my temper. I'm sorry. I'm having rather a difficult time—feeling raw. Apologies all round. I understand," Sepman continued hurriedly, "you three have met to discuss something. May one ask what your subject is?" He glanced round at the three of them, ending with Wayland.

"We try to discuss certain problems," Wayland told him with an apologetic air. "For example, the problem of the sixth dimension."

"Is very difficult, of course," cried Perperek. "How he works—perhaps to make spiral —very difficult."

"Sometimes we understand," said Marot, shaking his head and looking very old, melancholy, defeated, a monument of intellectual futility. "Sometimes we cannot understand at all."

"Don't blame you," said Karney, ignoring Sepman and giving Mervil a meaning glance.

"Nor I, gentlemen." Mervil was very dry and appeared to be completely composed again. Now he caught Ravenstreet's eye.

"Yes," said Ravenstreet, responding. "We'll have coffee in the drawing-room. It's probably waiting for us."

He left them to straggle out and went to find some cigars that he knew were in the small study. He felt both depressed and irritated, a nasty combination. All that had been achieved so far was an unusually strained and ill-mannered dinner party, for which he must accept responsibility. And there were still three hours or so to get through somehow or other, most probably with Mervil, Karney, and Sepman arguing about objections that he would have to invent, to justify his bringing them here. Then he turned, cigars in hand, to find Wayland standing in the doorway.

"I thought I could safely have a minute with you," he said softly. "You're feeling unhappy about this evening, aren't you?"

Ravenstreet did not try to hide his irritation.

"I'm certainly not feeling very cheerful about it. I don't know what you three think you can do, but I can't believe you're doing it. All we've got, it seems, is a futile evening."

"I think not." Wayland was calm and easy. "Don't worry about your business talk. There won't be one. But Mervil is stronger than we thought he would be. He's protected to some extent, just as we are, only his comes from the other side." He dropped to a whisper. "This may well be the trial of strength we were expecting, though we didn't know how or where we'd find it. Thanks to you, here it is."

To be continued



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COUGHS & COLDS

Continuing . . . .

The Moment of the Flying Fish

then shouting at his crew. John asked him about the clouds which piled abaft the starboard beam, and did not come.

"Sir," he said, sing-song, "a fair wind all night, God willing."

Another sailor took the wheel; the breeze blew steadily; it was dark till the moon came up; then they ate out of ghostly picnic baskets; it was just right in shirt sleeves or a dress, but not too warm with one sweater.

The child slept.

"Susan is your spitting image."

"You mean alike?"

"Yes. What does your husband do in Grenada?"

"He grows nutmegs and cocoa. His family have for two hundred years."

"How did you meet?"

She said: "I was on a cruise, and he showed us round the estate. That was how. Then he came up to America that summer."

"What is it like living in the West Indies?"

"So beautiful and so easy, and never too hot or too cold in the hills where we are. But I don't know. It seems to do something to white people, or perhaps it's the kind of people, or not having enough to do, or paradise with a volcano. And they aren't all that way. Arthur works twelve hours a day and is content and doesn't drink too much and likes his black people. I've made him sound too perfect, but he's very nice."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six. And you?"

"I'm thirty."

"What do you do?"

"I'm in the Colonial Service. They sent me to study labor conditions in the Caribbean. The three months is nearly up. Then back to Nigeria."

"Is that Africa?"

"West Africa. I look after a district."

"The size of Wales, it must be. They always are in the English books I read."

"Wrong. Mine is a God's country district, bigger and better than Wales."

Laughter dwells in a sailing ship before the wind.

"You're married, too," she said.

"How did you know?"

"Because you let Susan make the first advances. Oh, and because—"

"My wife is in England. We have a boy of four."

"Tell me about her."

"She's tall and good-looking and capable and kind to people, and she puts up with me. We're happy."

"Yes, we are, too, and Arthur puts up with me. What is there about putting up with you?"

"Lost causes. And I fly off the handle."

"You seem like the most phlegmatic Englishman."

"That's because of you."

"I ought to take Susan in now."

"She's fast asleep. Why not leave her? We can put our chairs to the lowest rung and just sit."

"All night?"

"One night."

The new helmsman sang at the rhythm of his work, dirgingly, off tune, to his ship and his companion sea. The wind was not quite steady in the middle of the night; the boom creaked and a loose line slatted, masts swept half a sky to the North Star, back nearly to the Southern Cross, and the sea sparkled a road to the moon which was riding down.

John Coryton and Caroline Smith each had a rum with lime and soda.

from page 3

"Can you make out the words of what he's singing?" he said.

"It's a silly sad ditty, not worth saying."

"Tell me, Caroline."

" 'Oh, Myrtis was my flower
And Myrtis was my pride
And Myrtis vowed in chapel
to be my faithful bride.
But Myrtis my darling wore
that same white gown
When she and Captain Clovis
sailed away from town.'

"I know some other ones. Shall I say them for you?"

"No."

"John! Tell me what you believe in. I think I know, but tell me."

"I believe in that man at the wheel, my brother."

"Truly?"

"Yes, truly."

"Is it the kind of thing they like you to believe?"

"In theory, yes. In practice, some day. My last governor in Nigeria said: 'Coryton, write "Make haste slowly" one hundred times every morning before breakfast.' He was a dashed good chap and a surly old horror."

"It's one of the funny things about you, that you're gentle and you use uncouth expressions."

"I'm not gentle. You don't know me yet."

"What I know tonight is all I shall know."

Caroline Smith looked at her child lying asleep under one rug and on another, and that on top of a tarpaulin folded by the kindly skipper who screamed so fiercely at his crew.

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She watched the mainmast ride the stars. She thought about Arthur Smith, her good husband.

"Goodbye, moon," she said, when it went.

"Everything grows and dies if it has time for dying."

"And if it has no time?" she asked.

"Then how can it die? It can be perfect always, which is good as well as sad."

"And the moment of the flying fish, dripping drops until it meets a wave. Does that end?"

"No moment ends until it is forgotten."

Now phosphorescence glowed upon the sea. It glowed on the crumble of crests and along the wake and here, sliding past the schooner. Now it glowed at the dark end of night, and you would think and be sure that the sea had a new hissing, phosphorescent voice.

She was heavy-laden. Once in a while, when she rolled far over, the scuppers wore that dim light, too. She was a staunch, small ship. Two sailors pumped her out, suck, gurgle, splash. They took a long time. The wind blew fair and fresher for Grenada.

"How long will you be there?" she asked.

"Five days or a week. There's a lady-boat to St. Lucia."

"John, will you promise not

To page 45



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Continuing . . . .

The Moment of the Flying Fish

to try and see me? And if you see me, just to say hallo?"

"I promise. I shall think of you and the trade wind and the islands."

"Always, John?"

"Yes, although I would never have believed it. That poem Yeats wrote:

"'When you are old and grey and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book . . .'

"Do you know it?"

"I did once, and I will. There's the dawn beginning. How long have we sat here?"

"Fourteen hours in terms of clocks. I'm going to say good-bye, Caroline."

"Now? We won't be there till evening."

"I know. But I want a full stop to remember."

"Somebody is sure to see, John; and they're Grenada people."

"You can risk ten seconds for a kiss we'll both remember all our lives."

It was the same sailor at the wheel, the man who had steered at the beginning. Susan woke up because of tickling rag and no cool breeze.

"Why're you crying, Mummy?"

"Silly child, I'm not. Susan and I are going in now for a while, Mr. Coryton."

They sailed down Carriacou in the Grenadines, and passed a wicked string of reefs, and through a passage called Kick'em Jenny, where wind and water do perennial battle.

The hills were green and steep. The clouds of the trade wind capped Grenada, which is the isle of spices. They sailed under light airs and reached harbor in the evening.

Sir John Coryton still stood at the sternrail; his island had dropped one hour astern. He walked red-painted plates along the side away from Caroline Smith. On the cabin deck, blowers roared coolish air and engines made a distinctive diesel thump.

He put his head round the door. Mary's eyes were closed. She had dispensed with the eau-de-cologne handkerchief, which was a good sign about her headache. She turned her head.

He closed the door. "How do you feel, Mary?"

"Much better, darling. It's almost stopped. John, I'm sorry I said that about tilting at windmills. You know I didn't mean it."

He did not know that she did not mean it; but he knew that she meant it well. "Of course you didn't. Even if you had, it's true." He kissed her. She had been loyal through every circumstance and always would be.

"I'll rest a little longer and then come up. Have you seen Neil?"

"Not since we came aboard. I expect he's on the boat deck."

Sir John Coryton, Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, Commander of the British Empire, also a Military Cross in the first war, slipped out and went briskly to the place where Mrs. Smith had been.

She was still in her quiet corner, still smiling at that witty book. She might have been there for many years. "Well, Caroline," he said.

She looked at him, casually, then blankly, then with pain and joy. She went pale; her nostrils flared just as he remembered under the mainsail of the Rita G.

from page 44

"You, John!" she said without armor or pretence. It was a gratifying thing to happen to a man of fifty-two.

"Let's go somewhere."

She stood up and dropped the book, not noting the page and closing it carefully, as Mary would, but face down and carelessly as one should not leave books. They walked to the stern.

"Your name wasn't on the list."

"We were going to fly. Then my successor arrived earlier, so we . . . Have you lived in Grenada ever since? Twenty-two years. Do you still remember?"

They leaned on the rail. It would be sunset in a few minutes, sailing east this time, not west.

"Yes," she said. "I remember. It's the one time in all my life that I truly *do* remember. I've always been sad about it and glad about it."

"Me, too," he said. "We had our moment."

"You said that a thing which has no time can be perfect always. And then there was the flying fish . . . You said all that."

"I seem to have said some ponderous mouthfuls. I don't remember."

She smiled at him. "You're not a woman."

"We might have run away and lived happily ever after."

"No," she said. "The whole of a life wouldn't be as good as that one night sailing nowhere, not when we met too late and not when there were people we were fond of."

"I wish I was sure about things nowadays."

"But you still love that man at the wheel, your brother. I've followed your career, Sir John Coryton."

"It's over," he said. "Or perhaps not. I don't much care. I did what I believed in, but I might have done it better. I'm not a guileful chap."

"You're just the same, except for being quite old, of course."

"And so are you," he said, "except for honorable grey hairs. Can I say safely now what I never said that time?"

"I think you could say it safely," said Caroline Smith, aged forty-eight. "But it would be still safer not to say it."

"I tell you what I do remember:

"'Oh, Myrtis was my flower
and Myrtis was my pride
And Myrtis vowed in chapel
to be my faithful bride.
But Myrtis my darling wore
that same white gown
When she and Captain Clovis
sailed away from town.'

"Wise Myrtis or foolish Myrtis?"

"I did want to watch for the green flash, and now I can't see it. What an idiot I am . . . Yes, I did. I'm sure I did. Did you, John?"

"I don't know."

"You might have said you did. But it wouldn't be you to say that."

"I seem to be an open book."

"Once we spent a long time together."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, it was a long time." They turned their backs on the sunset, and leaned elbows against the rail.

Now a man and a girl chanced to come down from the boat deck. They walked light and loose and free as young people do and they talked nineteen to the dozen. "I don't quite agree about that," the boy was saying as they rounded the poop, too absorbed to notice a middle-aged couple.

"That's your son," said Mrs. Smith. "He's like you."

"With your daughter," said Sir John Coryton. "She's your spitting image." He watched them all the way along the deck in failing light. But Caroline was looking at him.

"Well, John," she said. "Wasn't that a strange sight to see?"

"It was indeed," he said with lightness.

They found wife and husband. "I thought I'd lost you altogether, m'dear," said Arthur Smith after introductions.

He was round and jolly, and he had been to Eton, an important thing for Mary. "Caroline spends half her life off sailing dream boats."

"My husband is just the same," said Mary.

A pleasant voyage to retirement, and nothing came of it between the younger generation. Which is the way of life.

(Copyright)

Beauty in brief:

PINCURL HINTS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Pincurls are the backbone of home hair sets, and if you usually do your own shampooing it is a good idea to comb thin setting lotion through the hair before winding curls.

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● Work on one section at a time, keeping the remainder pinned securely away.

● Select small strands of hair that are uniform in size to wind.

● Roll each curl like a piece of ribbon (not a rope), towards the face or away from it, depending on the direction you wish the hair to take.

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—you don't think it could be one of our girls—one of the sixth formers?"

I thought it quite possible, judging from the swooning glances which followed Desmond, but I devoutly hoped not, lest the chill breath of scandal should blow through our cloistered elegance.

"I shall have to find out," said Carey.

"How?" I said. "You can't ask him."

"Never mind how. I shall find out—it's my duty to find out. It must be stopped—it's quite disgusting."

I felt the familiar exasperation. "There's nothing disgusting about it—if it should be one of the sixth formers it's a pity and it will have to be stopped, but it's not disgusting. Desmond is a lovely person—I can imagine any girl falling in love with him."

"Kissing and cuddling in the shrubbery!" Carey's voice dripped scorn.

"Where should they kiss and cuddle?" I demanded. "Anyway, they weren't, they were just talking together and—and laughing, when I saw them." My voice faltered absurdly—I still heard the echo of that tender chuckle between two people who were happy together.

Carey put a finger beneath my chin. "What is it, Hilary? Don't be upset about all this, we'll get it squared up."

I moved my head sharply. "Don't, don't do that. I'm not upset." Carey, I thought, was the last person to whom I could confess that I envied the girl who had been in Desmond's arms in the shrubbery; no, that wasn't quite right—not because she had been in Desmond's arms but that I envied any girl who was in any man's arms hearing him laugh for love of her.

I had been too long at Madrigal, I thought, too long in this cultivated, rarefied atmosphere, where even the children—except when they were with Desmond — barely raised their voices; I felt old and dreary, I was bound stiffly with our own special brand of snobbery.

Something of what I was thinking must have shown in my face, for Carey said again, with some concern, "What is it, Hilary?"—and again I said, "Nothing," because of all the people in the world he was the one who would not understand.

I don't know how Carey found out who the girl was—he would have disdained to snoop or to listen to gossip—but in some way he did find out, for the next day between classes he came to the music-room.

"It's Ella," he said shortly.

"Ella?" I stared at him, my mind for a moment not connecting.

"Yes, yes, Ella Leonard," he said impatiently. "The girl in his digs—that girl who works in the greenhouses—you know her."

I wanted to laugh as I thought how stupid we'd been for all our cleverness. But of course—it was obvious, inevitable; Ella was young and gay and ravishingly pretty and when Desmond escaped from our Elizabethan music and our modern play-reading and our study of the Russian novelists, there was Ella, ready to laugh with him, ready to play with him, ready to go to the "flicks."

I felt almost hysterical, I wanted to say waggishly, "Well, what do you know?"—but Carey's face was a study of horror undisguised.

"But it's unbelievable," he said, prowling between the music-stands which remained after the orchestral class. "He must be out of his mind. I mean—Ella works here—she's not his sort of person at all."

I felt sorry for him and faintly superior, too, for it seemed to me quite clear that Ella was certainly Desmond's sort of person. We had worked so hard trying to make him over into the image of ourselves — and Desmond just wasn't having any—he'd found Ella, with whom he could laugh in the shrubbery.

"She's very nice and very pretty," I offered.

"Oh, nonsense," cried Carey, with more animation than he usually showed. "I mean, of course she's pretty in a hearty, outdoor sort of way—and nice enough, I suppose, if you must use that odious word. But she's got hold of him somehow—if this goes on she'll undo all the work we've done. You must admit that he has become more human in the past few weeks."

"Or inhuman," I murmured, but at that moment the discreetly toned bell sounded and my next class began to come in and Carey took himself off.

We had arranged to go that evening to a concert being given at Madrigal Major by a famous string quartet. Desmond, a little reluctantly, I remembered, and under pressure from Carey, had agreed to come with us.

As I walked beneath the arch towards the old coach houses which were now the garages, I wondered whether he would turn up—I thought it very unlikely and I was surprised to see him standing beside Carey's car. He looked flushed and cross and very young and handsome and even Carey seemed a bit ruffled and I gathered that all was not well.

"Desmond informs me that he isn't coming," said Carey stiffly.

"Oh, look here, there's no need to be like that about it," Desmond protested. "I told you I'm sorry I didn't let you know sooner, but I've got another engagement—and if it's a question of paying for the ticket just say so."

"Oh, my dear fellow," said Carey with weary scorn, "you were going as my guest."

"Well, then," Desmond kicked resentfully at a wheel, "I don't see what all the fuss is about."

Carey gave him a small, tight smile. "I suppose your other engagement is with Ella Leonard?"

Desmond looked up then and I noticed that he was wearing a most gaudy and magnificent tie—probably Ella had given it to him.

"Yes, it is," he said defiantly. "Though I can't see that that has anything to do with you. My free time is my own."

"Going to the flicks, I suppose?" Carey pursued, so silkily that Desmond, who did not know him very well, relaxed and smiled, thinking that all the bother was over, I daresay.

"Well, yes, we are. There's a good picture on."

Carey was leaning with languid grace against the bonnet. When he spoke his voice was grave and friendly.

"Desmond, don't do it. Ella is pretty and I'm sure she is quite charming, but she isn't the right girl for you. She'll only drag you down to her own level."

Desmond's flush deepened and a dangerous little blue flame sparked in his eyes and I wanted to warn Carey, "Oh, careful, do be careful."

"It may interest you to know that I intend to marry her," said Desmond haughtily.

Carey groaned and passed a hand over his eyes. "Let's not be melodramatic. Let's talk it over calmly and reasonably. You know what will happen, don't you, if you marry Ella Leonard—though I can't really believe that you intend to do so.

"You'll live in a small, poky house—the kind of house to which Ella is accustomed—eating in the kitchen, because the only other room is the parlor, which is only used on Sundays.

"Don't imagine that you'll raise Ella, it never happens that way—the tone of a home is set by the woman. You'll take her to the flicks on Saturday night, you'll probably buy fish and chips for supper, you'll lose all your awakening interest in music and literature, the finer things in life, you'll . . ."

I had been conscious of Desmond rumbling beside me and now he exploded.

"Oh, good heavens, what rot you talk. I tell you, I like poky little houses where you eat in the kitchen, always nice and warm; I was brought up in a poky little house, it was warm and snug and comfortable, no miles of draughty corridor, no freezing in winter in huge rooms—and I like going to the flicks and I like fish and chips and if you think Ella is common, as I've no doubt you do, then I'm common, too, and I like it that way."

He drew a breath, then rushed on: "I like people to be alive—I like to laugh along sometimes, and make a noise, I like to have fun. These poor kids here, they give me the creeps, they're so polite and superior. You're practically mortified, the whole lot of you mortified, I tell you, stiff with snobbery."

He eyed Carey with a malicious smile. "Look at you, you're so busy being cultivated and refined and all the rest of it, I bet you wouldn't know what to do with a girl even if she flung herself into your arms. Well, enjoy yourselves at the quartet," he added. "Think of me, sitting in the back row, holding hands with Ella."

I was thrilled to observe that Carey was white with rage, for once an honest emotion had got the better of him; he had to swallow before he could speak.

"You understand of course that if you persist with this affair I shall have to ask for your resignation?"

"Suit yourself," said Desmond airily, and he strolled away and there was something young and jaunty and defiant about the set of his shoulders and the wind caught the ends of his outrageous tie and whipped them out like a banner.

We stood in a deathly silence—I because I just didn't know what to say and Carey because I believe he was dumb with rage.

"Get in," he said at last, and I got in and we drove off in silence out of the grounds and on to the main road. I could feel laughter rising.

I wished that I dared laugh,

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Continuing . . . . My Heart and Madrigal

from page 10

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Continuing . . . .

My Heart and Madrigal

from page 46

I felt that a great gust of laughter would clear the air, but I realised that I should be laughing alone and perhaps that would not be very funny. Carey paused.

"Do you still want to go to the string quartet?"

"No," I said bluntly—I couldn't imagine anything more trying, in the circumstances.

Without comment Carey let in the clutch and we drove through lanes arrayed in all the lovely blowsiness of late summer, ditches foamed with Queen Anne's lace, great swags of honeysuckle looped the hedges, I caught the musky smell of meadowsweet.

Carey said nothing and I said nothing. We had the hood down and the wind ruffled his hair and whipped out his tie as it had done Desmond's, and though his grim face told me that he was still seething I felt extraordinarily happy, relieved, light-hearted, as though we had at last come to the end of something.

Presently he stopped the car. "Let's walk a bit," he said, and we went along a narrow lane so lushly overgrown that the long grasses brushed against us. Surprisingly he slid his arm through mine—I thought we must look like any lover and his lass walking out together on a summer evening, and the thought depressed me because it was far from the truth.

I thought about Desmond and Ella, sitting in the back row at the pictures, so easy and natural together that they could giggle and whisper and talk nonsense without feeling at all ashamed.

"A pity about Desmond," I remarked, a little to goad Carey and a little because I was sick of being reserved and restrained. "He's so good at athletics."

Carey leaned against the gate with his peculiar languid grace. "The wind has ruffled your hair," he said. "You look about eighteen."

I don't know what there was about the words—maybe some tone in his voice as he spoke them—but with a dazzling flash I knew just what I wanted.

I wanted Carey to take me in his arms, to kiss me, laugh with me, though I was more than eighteen I wasn't so very old—not too old to be loved and kissed. All right, then, I was in love with Carey, and a lot of good that would do me, since Carey's idea of being in love would be to write an exquisite sonnet to his lady.

"I want to ask you something," he said abruptly. "Are you on my side or on Desmond's?"

I stared at him in dismay. Oh, it was unfair, he had no right to ask me such a question.

"On yours," said my heart. "On yours, always and for ever."

But it wouldn't be quite true. I knew I couldn't go back to Madrigal as it was—you needed people like Desmond to let a breath of fresh air into the languishing elegance of the world which Carey was trying to make.

You could become completely frozen in your own elegance, so frozen that your heart almost ceased to beat, and it could seem like a major crime to stand laughing with a girl in the shrubbery. I should have to tell him the truth, and that would probably be the end of me—I should be leaving Madrigal at the same time as Desmond.

I shook my head. "Neither. I want it both ways—Madrigal as it is, but with some of Desmond's ways as well! I like to laugh sometimes, out loud. I like to enjoy myself in quite crude ways and be a real human person."

"You don't think I'm a real human person?" said Carey impassively, with no expression at all, so that I could not tell whether he was angry or not.

"Well," I began doubtfully, knowing that having embarked on the truth I must go on with it, but a little afraid of where it might lead me.

"Is that how I seem to you?" Carey broke in. "A mummy, mortified in my own snobbery, Desmond said—do I seem like that, Hilary?"

"It's a spell," I murmured. "The spell of Madrigal."

"Perhaps you're right," he said. "Perhaps I'd better hang on to Desmond—maybe he'll keep me human, break the spell."

Well, that was all right. Desmond would stay with us and he'd marry his Ella and they'd be happy ever after, but I felt drearily that the spell was already broken for me. I couldn't go back, I wanted more than Madrigal could give me.

"Hilary," Carey said, and when I looked at him I saw the dimple come and go in his thin cheek.

"Let me remind you of something else that Desmond said—he said that I wouldn't know what to do with a girl even if she flung herself into my arms."

We stood looking at each other and the world was drowned in the sweetness of honeysuckle.

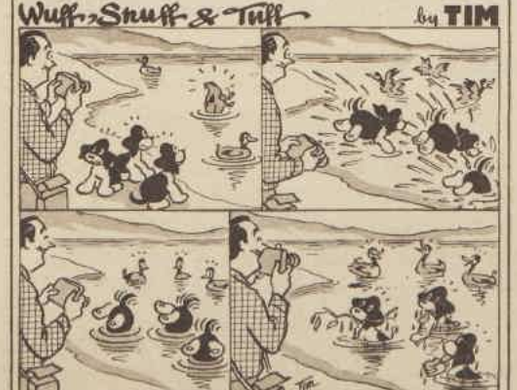
"Do you believe that, Hilary?" said Carey softly. Then he held out his arms.

"Try me, my darling—try me and see."

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Spice up winter vegetables

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

A dash of spice adds interest to vegetables which can become monotonous fare when served daily in the same way during winter.

A PINCH of nutmeg and a little onion added to spinach or curry powder and cayenne in creamed onions can work such wonders with the flavor that even those who think they don't like vegetables will ask for second helpings.

A small quantity of vegetable soup added to any cooked vegetable makes an excellent combination of flavors. When reheated together the flavors blend and the result is a new and interesting dish.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CAULIFLOWER WITH CHEESE AND MUSTARD SAUCE

One cauliflower, ¼ pint medium-thickness white sauce, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, ½ cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Wash cauliflower, soak in salted water ½ hour, drain. Cover with boiling salted water, cook with lid on 12 to 15 minutes until tender but not soft. Drain carefully. Combine sauce, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, mustard and 2-3rds of the cheese. Reheat, pour over cauliflower. Top with balance of cheese mixed with breadcrumbs, dot with butter or substitute. Cook under hot griller until top is bubbly and browned.

CURRIED ONIONS

Ten small onions, ¾ pint medium-thickness white sauce, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ cup cooked peas.

Peel onions, leave whole, drop into boiling salted water, simmer until tender; drain. Combine sauce, curry powder, salt, pepper, mustard, lemon juice, and peas, reheat slowly. Pour over onions in heated serving-dish, serve piping hot.

CORN AND TOMATO BAKE

One to 1½ cups whole-kernel corn, ½ cup tomato soup, 1 teaspoon scraped onion, ½ cup milk, salt, pepper, ¾ cup soft breadcrumbs, 3 or 4 tablespoons crushed cheese biscuits, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Combine corn, tomato soup, onion, milk, ½ cup of the breadcrumbs, and salt and pepper to taste. Fill into greased ovenware dish. Cover with balance of breadcrumbs and biscuit crumbs, mixed together. Dot with butter or substitute, bake in moderate oven until heated through and browned on top. Garnish with parsley.

SPICED GLAZED CARROTS

Four or 5 medium-sized carrots, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, dash pepper, ½ teaspoon powdered allspice.

Scrape carrots, cut into strips. Cover and cook in salted water until barely tender, drain. Return to saucepan, add butter or substitute. When melted, add all other ingredients, mix lightly together. Cook over low heat 3 or 4 minutes until flavors blend.



SWISS SPINACH

One bunch spinach, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup evaporated milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon scraped onion, pinch nutmeg.

Cut white stems from spinach leaves, wash leaves thoroughly under a running tap, or by rinsing, to remove grit. Cook spinach with salt in lidded saucepan. Water clinging to leaves is sufficient; cook 10 to 12 minutes until barely tender. Drain in colander, press with back of saucer to drain thoroughly. Shred finely, return to saucepan. Stir in remaining ingredients, reheat, serve piping hot.

CHEESE POTATO BALLS

Two to three cups hot cooked mashed potato, salt, cayenne pepper, 2 finely chopped shallots or 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 4 or 5 tablespoons hot milk, ½in. cubes of tasty cheese, crushed cornflakes, melted butter or substitute.

Combine potato, salt and cayenne to taste, shallots, butter or substitute, and hot milk. Mix well, allow to cool. With lightly floured hands roll a tablespoon of potato around each cube of cheese. Roll in crushed cornflakes, dip in melted shortening, place on greased baking tray. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

AUSTRIAN CABBAGE

One very small cabbage, 2 dessertspoons bacon fat, ½ clove finely chopped garlic, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ to ¾ cup evaporated milk.

Wash cabbage thoroughly, drain. Shred finely, saute 5 minutes with bacon fat and garlic, shaking pan occasionally. Add salt and paprika, place in greased ovenware dish. Pour evaporated milk over cabbage and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

CURRIED ONIONS, cauliflower with cheese and mustard sauce, spiced glazed carrots, and Swiss spinach are four different ways of preparing and serving winter vegetables. Grated hard-boiled egg-yolk makes an attractive garnish for the Swiss spinach. See recipes on this page.

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Save time and money with

TODAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN



Lively flavour!

Open your packet and thrill to the aroma of these big, golden flakes! They make you feel hungry just to look at them! *Hear them rustle* on to your plate. So they should! They've been roasted, toasted and crisped to do just that! *Pick up your spoon* and crunch into the biggest, crispest, most luscious corn flakes ever made — Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



Deep-down Goodness!

Nutrition Experts say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you *one third* of your daily food needs. Here's a complete, satisfying breakfast in itself!



24 big breakfasts in every large packet!

Think of the money you save! Compare the cost of one serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with that of meat, eggs, fish, bacon these days! Only 30 seconds to serve—no greasy grillers or pots to wash.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

breakfast need not be hot to warm YOU!

*We get our fuel from energy-giving foods (chiefly carbohydrates) that are burned up in our body. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are *extremely* rich in carbohydrates — so they give you energy and keep you warm. 24 big breakfasts in every 16-oz. packet.

CS3-IR

PRIZE RECIPES



A delicious spiced layer cake, topped and filled with browned butter frosting, wins this week's main prize of £5.

SPICED coffee cake and kiwi kisses are two delicious prizewinners in this week's recipe contest. Recipes below.

CONSOLATION prizes are awarded for recipes for kiwi kisses, tempting afternoon - tea dainties, and an unusual meat dish.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

SPICED COFFEE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ¼ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 good tablespoons treacle, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ to ¾ cup strong black coffee.

Cream shortening with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beat well, add treacle. Fold in thoroughly sifted dry ingredients alternately with black coffee. Fill into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins, base lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Leave in tins a few minutes, turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, fill and ice with browned butter frosting.

Browned Butter Frosting: Melt 2oz. butter, allow to brown but not burn. Remove from heat; add 1 good teaspoon honey, 1 cup icing sugar, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, and 2 tablespoons hot water. Gradually add another cup icing sugar and mix to a smooth-spreading consistency. Spread half over top of cake. Add a little extra icing sugar to the remaining mixture before filling between the layers. Decorate with chocolate and almonds.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Hutchens, 47 Prince St., Waratah, N.S.W.

KIWI KISSES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup seeded raisins, ½ cup chopped dates.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add cocoa, vanilla, and milk. Add fruit and nuts, then work in sifted flour and baking powder. Place a spoonful at a time on to a greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. When cold, join with butter cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Davies, 26 Rogers St., Brisbane.

BAKED STUFFED HEARTS

Four very small lambs' hearts (allow one to each person), ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 2 teaspoons chopped fresh herbs, 1 tablespoon good shortening, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, milk to moisten.

Soak hearts (well washed and trimmed) 1 hour in cold salted water. Mix all stuffing ingredients together, fill into hearts. Stitch tops securely with strong cotton thread, bake on greased tray in moderate oven 1 hour. Remove cotton, serve with baked potatoes and green peas.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss P. Dover, 8 Taylor Close, Miranda, N.S.W.

Honey recipe contest

PRIZES to the value of £250 will be paid in our new cookery contest for your favorite recipe in which honey is used.

The list of prizes to be won is — First prize: £100; Second prize: £50; Third prize: £25. Five section prizes each of £10. 25 consolation prizes each of £1.

Closing date of the contest is September 1. Prizewinners will be announced in October.

You may enter any one or all sections listed below.

1. Cakes (including small cakes, pastry, fancy breads, and biscuits).
2. Desserts (hot or cold).
3. Confectionery.
4. Beverages.
5. Savory or meat dishes with honey.

Start sending your entry or entries in now, because, in addition to the major section and consolation prizes, four weekly progress prizes of £5/5/- each will be made for the best recipe in any one of the five sections.

The simple conditions for entering the contest are given below.

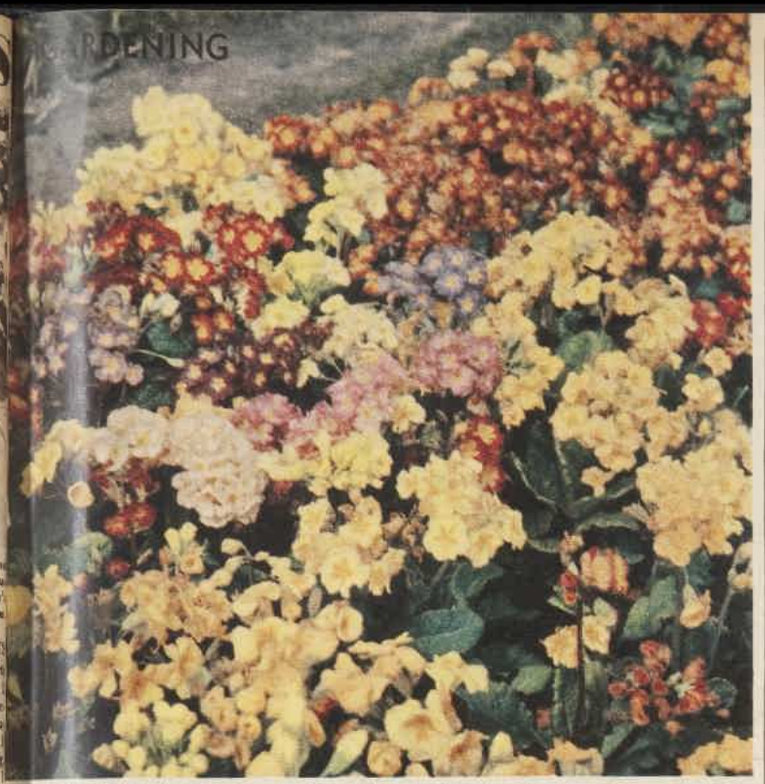
HOW TO ENTER

1. Recipes must be written clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed.
2. Full name and address (including State) to be signed clearly on each page. Indicate on each page the section in which recipe is to be entered.
3. Exact weights and/or measurements to be given in level standard measuring cups, tablespoons, and teaspoons — do not use rounded, heaped, or scant measures.
4. Ingredients to be listed accurately in the order in which they are used; directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.
5. Recipes will be judged on their originality, practicability, and economy.
6. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes. Interviews cannot be granted.
7. Address your entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Mark the envelope "Honey Cookery Contest."



EMBROIDERY transfer No. 199C has 14 bright animal motifs designed for children's clothes. The sheet, which is 9½in. x 24in., is available from our Needlework Department. Price 1/-, plus 3d. postage. See address page 53.

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POLYANTHUS is a hardy perennial closely related to the primrose, and it requires the same growing conditions. Unlike the primrose, it can have 20 or more flowers on the one stalk. Colors vary from yellow to russet, pink, blue, amethyst, and lavender.

Primroses in winter

● Top favorite for the shady garden and one of the most charming of all flowers is the primrose.

ITS delicate blossoms of cream, yellow, browns, and even blue-mauve which rise from a soft green rosette of leaves are one of the brightest spots in a winter garden.

Primroses are not satisfactory in a garden which gets the full force of the sun or is exposed to hot, blustery winds.

They like morning sun and high shade which only lets the fierce midday sun filter through.

The other main requirement is a deep, cool soil, rich in humus.

Get the plants established in such a situation, and in a few years there will be a drift of them as fine as can be found in the English countryside.

At this time of the year you can buy established plants in nurseries and plant shops — this is a fine way to start a small primrose bed.

But if you have a massed effect in mind, growing the plants from seed will be a better proposition.

Reputable seedsmen sell some of the fine new strains which produce big flowers in lovely colors with attractive veining on the petals. Watts Giant strain is one of the best, giving a variety which will delight any gardener.

The seed must be fresh if it is to germinate well. Sow in spring in well-drained seed-boxes filled with a soil mixture made up of equal parts of loam, sand, and compost.

Seeds are very tiny, so the soil mixture must be sieved finely.

Almost fill the box with soil, then press it down firmly with a flat board. Water it, scatter the seed, and then cover with the lightest possible sprinkling of fine sand.

Keep the seed-box damp by watering with the finest spray nozzle available, or, preferably, place the box in a water bath and let the water seep up so that the seed is not dislodged.

After three to four weeks the seedlings will appear.

When they are big enough to handle, prick them out into boxes filled with the soil mixture, spacing them about two inches apart each way.

In autumn they can be placed in their permanent bed and left alone for three or four years.

Clumps may grow so thick after this time that they will need dividing, and this is best done in late summer or autumn.

Primroses require very little care beyond plenty of water in the summer and a mulch of well-decayed animal manure in spring.

BORDEAUX MIXTURE

THE fungicide Bordeaux mixture, which is applied as a spray, is used for many purposes all through the year, particularly in the vegetable garden.

Most plant pathologists think that Bordeaux mixture is the most effective of the copper fungicides, provided it is made freshly each time it is needed.

If it is kept, however, it loses some of its fungicidal properties.

Bordeaux mixture consists of bluestone (copper sulphate), lime (hydrated lime or quicklime, not agricultural lime or carbonate of lime), and water.

When it is recommended for a disease, the correct strength is quoted as three figures, for example 1-1-10.

The first figure refers to the weight of bluestone in pounds; the second to the weight of hydrated lime in pounds; the third is the quantity of water in gallons.

If quicklime is preferred to hydrated lime, cut the quantity stated by a little less than two thirds.

The quality of Bordeaux mixture depends on the fineness of the particles in the final solution.

To make four gallons of spray, strength 1-1-10, mix nine ounces of hydrated lime into a paste with water.

Dissolve six and a half ounces of bluestone in a glass jar or earthenware container. Add this to three and a half gallons of water, preferably still using an earthenware container, as bluestone corrodes iron or galvanised iron.

Stir the copper solution vigorously, at the same time adding the creamed lime through a sieve to remove any grit particles which might block the spray pump.

Rinse the lime container with the remaining half gallon of water and add to the spray solution. Use it as soon as possible.

If using quicklime, use only six and a half ounces. Slake this in a kerosene tin by adding water slowly until the lime crumbles and powders. Take care not to burn your hands.

When making Bordeaux mixture, it is important to weigh the ingredients carefully. Any excess of copper may cause spray burning.



It took only a few minutes to make this pastry with Bakeo

You can make pastry like this. Honest to goodness you can . . . and in just a few minutes. All you have to do is add water (or milk) to Bakeo, mix and roll out. It's just as easy as that. Even if you've never made pastry before, you just can't fail to make good pastry with Bakeo.



– and this is the pie it made!

Watch your family's eyes sparkle when you make pastry like this. There's no guesswork with Bakeo, you'll always get the lightest, richest pastry — all because the ingredients in Bakeo are exactly measured and are blended more thoroughly and finely than human hands could ever do.





WE GUARANTEE you just can't fail to make Good Pastry with Bakeo!

Good to look at and good to eat . . . crunchy mouth watering pastry. Buy a packet of Bakeo today and hear your family say "second slice please".

MAXAM BAKEO

The original pastry mixture

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"They'll whisper about you."



Body odours do offend

Play safe-use MUM

People will whisper . . . and take care to avoid you . . . if you don't take care with your personal freshness!

Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower.

And MUM *stays creamy* to the bottom of the jar.

MUM Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3 eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing — nor will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply; the merest touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.



MUM keeps you nice to be near

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

M154 SC

WHEN WINTER WINDS BLOW



Skin needs NIVEA

the 9-purpose cream

Cold winds roughen your skin, rob it of vital elements. Replace these elements regularly with soft, velvety NIVEA. It softens, nourishes, protects. NIVEA contains "Eucerite," a remarkable ingredient closely resembling natural skin oils.

NIVEA is all these things: Soothing cream • cleansing cream • baby cream • hand cream • night cream • sun cream • powder base • sports cream • a man's cream.

All Chemists and Stores — tins or tubes



"NIVEA" and "EUCERITE" are regd. trade marks. SN254

Oops! I beg your pardon but you should know that the Steadiflow feeding bottle prevents the pain and discomfort of after-feeding wind. Health Centres recommend it.



Steadiflow

BABY'S FEEDING BOTTLE

DISTRIBUTORS: James Hare & Co. Pty. Ltd., 409 Collins St., Melb., for Farran Co.



LOW BASKET holds an easy-to-do arrangement of tulips, hyacinths, and maiden-hair fern with driftwood. Directions for this arrangement are given below.

Two ways to do spring flowers

In last week's issue we published basic rules and helpful lessons in flower-arrangement by Berin Spiro, New Zealand flower expert. Here he tells how to arrange the attractive pieces illustrated on this page.

THE arrangement shown at the top of the page consists of tulips, hyacinths, maiden-hair fern, a couple of leaves, and a piece of driftwood.

A low flat bowl set in a basket was used as a container, and a needlepoint holder keeps the flowers in position.

The forked and curved driftwood piece is first fixed in the bowl. Two tulip buds are then placed vertically centre. On a descending scale, two more buds are placed right and left of the main curved fork of the driftwood, two more of varying lengths are placed over the rim of the container, as shown, to give a curved effect to the design, and two well-opened tulips are placed at centre to complete the "line"—the taller tulip slightly overlapping the lower one which, too, drips over the container's rim.

Four sprays of hyacinths are now used, one to follow the upward line of the left fork of driftwood, one to follow the downward line, and the other two placed centre and at opposite angles.

Soften the arrangement with maiden-hair fern and add a couple of curving leaves for balance.

The container for the arrangement illustrated below is shaped like a shell, and a needlepoint holder is used to give full support to the longer flowers.

Soleil d'or daffodils and anemones are the main ingredients for this design. Start by cutting the daffodil stalks into varying lengths and then make a circular "line" of continuous color. Fill in with two more lines. This is your first or primary placement.

Now place two daffodil sprays so that they jut forward and down from the primary placement. To form an opposing line place two anemone buds at the base of the arrangement (see picture).

To establish your focal point, position three open anemones so that they slightly overlap the three continuous lines of daffodils.

Finally, add a few leaves and boronia sprays to the arrangement, as shown. These, of course, are optional.



FOR A MANTELPIECE or small table: Dainty Soleil d'or daffodils and richly colored anemones arranged in a large shell-like container. See directions on this page.

THESE HANDS GO INTO WASHING-UP WATER 3 TIMES A DAY



You can have beautiful soft hands — even if they do wash the family dishes three times a day! It's as simple as this. Always keep a jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly in the kitchen — near the sink. Smooth it onto your hands before each washing-up—it guards your hands against the hardening, wrinkling effect of hot water . . . and hygienically protects them as well. "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is available everywhere. Keep it in the house for 101 daily uses such as:— *Cuts, bruises, burns, nappy rash, tired feet.*



Trade VASELINE Mark
Brand
PETROLEUM JELLY

"Vaseline" is the Reg. Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd.

J 37



Make chocolate covered biscuits

this new, easy way with Cadbury's Red Label Drinking Chocolate

MAGIC CHOCOLATE COATING

Pour 4 ozs. melted Copha (warm not hot) on to 1 cup dry Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate. Mix well.

Cool until slightly thickened, then dip biscuits singly and place on grease-proof paper. (If mixture thickens too quickly, stand basin in warm water.)

CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE

Made by Cadbury's at Claremont, Tasmania, in the famous factory by mountain and sea.

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You want to be sure
Look for this Sign
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Shop here where food is *Frigidaire Fresh*

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THE HEALING WARMTH OF

WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

for RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS SCIATICA . . . FEEL IT HEAL

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FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

Fashion PATTERNS

BARGAIN PATTERN

F3305. — An easy-to-follow pattern for an infant's pretty smock. Sizes, 1 and 2 years, or 17in. and 18in. lengths. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/-.

P547.—Embroidery transfer in a rabbit design suitable for the smock or other children's clothes. Size, 10in. x 10in., with 8 rabbits. Price, 6d. Postage, 3d. extra.

F3306.—A lovely lingerie set, ideal for a trousseau. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material, 7½yds. 2in. lace, and 2yds. ½in. lace. Price, 4/9.

P139.—Embroidery transfer with three motifs for the knickers or other lingerie. Sizes, 10in. x 10in. Price, 6d. Postage, 3d. extra.

F3309.—A smart slim-skirted frock for daytime. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

P816. — Embroidery transfer with eight flower motifs suitable for babies' wear, measuring 10in. x 10in. Price, 6d. Postage, 3d. extra.

P139.—Embroidery transfer with three different motifs suitable for lingerie sets. Size, 10in. x 10in. Price, 6d. Postage, 3d. extra.

F3307.—Youthful frock with smart bow neckline and full skirt. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast material. Price, 3/6.

F3308.—Dainty cami-knickers to fit slimly under a frock. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material and 2¼yds. applique lace. Price, 2/6.

F3310.—A pretty layette which any mother would be proud of. Size, infant's. Frock requires 1½yds. 36in. material, 3yds. ½in. lace edging. Slip requires ⅝yd. 36in. material and 2½yds. lace edging. Coat requires 1½yds. 36in. material, 1yd. lace edging. Pilchers require ⅝yd. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F3305 F3306 F3310 F3308 F3309 F3307

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 710.—TOT'S PINAFORE

A really cover-up style, cut out ready for you to make yourself in a good quality headcloth in white, blue, natural, lemon, pink, and green, with contrasting color for pockets. Bind the edge with a bias contrast binding. State colors required.
Sizes, 18in. length for 2yrs., 10/9; 18in. length for 3yrs., 11/9; 20in. length for 4yrs., 12/6. Postage, 3d.

No. 711.—SUPPER CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

This attractive supper set is in cream or white linen. The lace is not supplied. The cloth, size 36in. x 36in., price, 22/6. Postage, 2/- extra. The cloth, size 54in. x 54in., price, 43/9. Postage, 3/6 extra. The serviettes, 11in. x 11in., price, 1/6. Postage, 4d.

No. 712.—DUCHESSE SET

This pretty set is in cream or white linen, also sheer linen in blue, lemon, and green. Size, centre mat, 12in. x 17in., and small mats, 8in. x 8in. Price for the complete set, 9/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 713.—GIRL'S FROCK

A charming summer frock with an embroidered design round the neck. The material is rayon linen. The color choice includes green, buttercup, red, biscuit, and white. Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, price, 53/6. Size 36in. and 38in. bust, price 59/11. Postage, 3/6. A transfer for the embroidery is available for 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

710 711 712 713



A DESIGN FOR LOVING

You'll love your embroidery designs when you work them in Clark's Anchor Embroidery Thread.

Smooth, handsome and durable, Clark's threads are easier to work with, look better, last so much longer. The extraordinary range of fast shades helps you to create unusual and extremely attractive effects in embroidery.

Traced linens of distinction recommend Clark's Anchor Embroidery Threads. Ask to see the latest designs in FAUTLEY'S, INVINCIBLE, PARA, SHIRLEY ART, PRINCESS and ARTOS.

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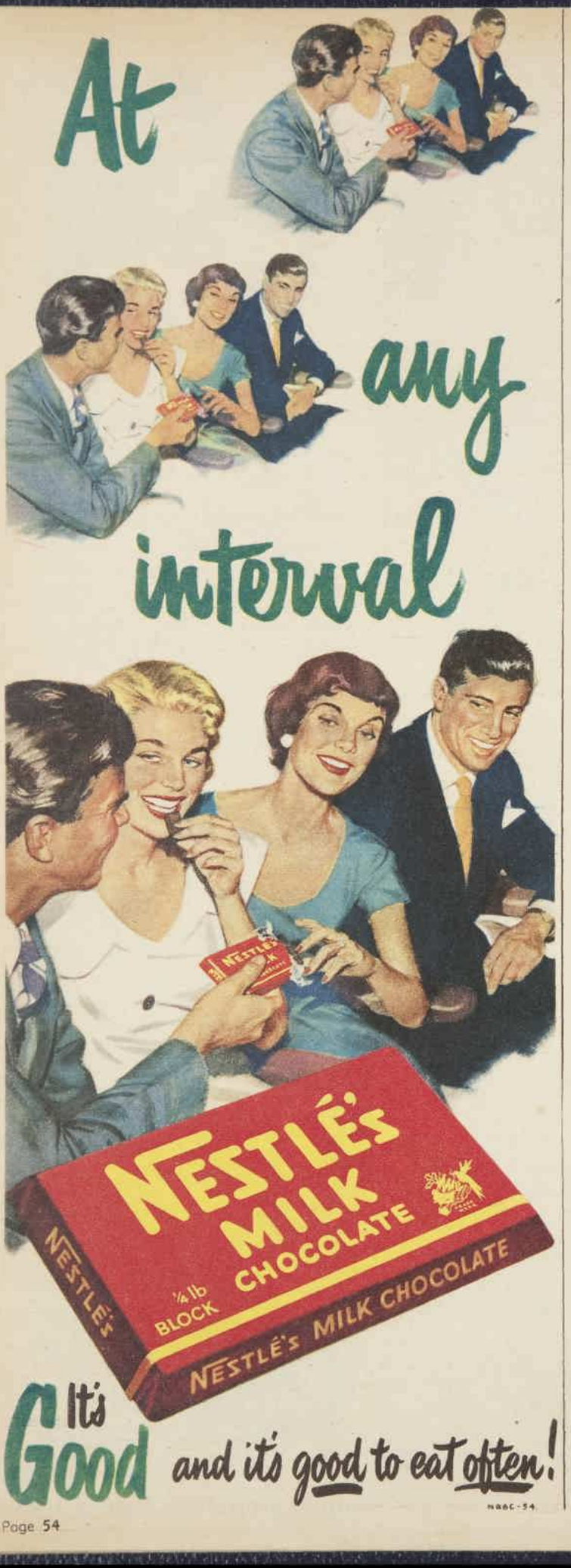
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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, investigates when

PRINCESS NARDA is kidnapped by a pair of jewel thieves who plunge over a cliff into the sea with her. Mandrake dives into the ocean to see if he can learn the secret of their disappearance. The thieves are hiding in a water-tight cavern on the sea floor. When he sees Mandrake, one of the criminals climbs out of the cavern and tries to drive Mandrake down to the lair of a giant octopus. NOW READ ON:



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NOT HALF-SAFE



Sydney, August, 1953. Betty James of Sydney says, "I like to have plenty of beaus and dates, and a girl doesn't get them if she's half-safe. That's why I use a deodorant that stops my perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Kills odor instantly, safely, surely, better than anything else I've found."

How about you? Don't risk half-safe deodorants. Stop both perspiration and odor with Arrid. This new cream deodorant stops perspiration itself — keeps underarms dry and sweet. So, Arrid saves your clothes from ugly stains and clinging odor. Arrid kills odor instantly — keeps you shower-bath fresh up to 48 hours. Safe for skin — safe for fabrics.

Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant — Arrid — and be *sure!*



Always fit for work or play..

For children from teething age to 14 years, Steedman's Powders are the gentle, safe aperient that has been mother's standby for over 100 years.

Write now to "Steedmans, Box 1757Q, G.P.O. Melbourne" for free booklet "Hints to Mothers."

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"NEVER SAY DYE—SAY TINTEX"

Relieve Torture of BACKACHE

Are YOU tormented by backache, rheumatic pains? Doan's Backache Kidney Pills can bring you prompt relief. Rheumatic pains, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry off their vital job of removing waste matter from the blood. So follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset, get Doan's. Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lazy kidneys back to work again.







Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make





"AVIS." — Fresh young dress in polished cotton. A color choice of Kelly-green, blue, pink, maize, and navy, with white flower design.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 69/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 72/6. Postage, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 52/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/9. Postage, 2/6 extra.

"PENELOPE." — Crisp seersucker frock with scalloped front in blue, white, pink, maize, and grey.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 55/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 58/3. Registration and postage, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/6. Registration and postage, 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 53. Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

Don't let Australia's *Skin drying* climate put getting-older signs on your face!



Dry lines age your face.

Replace natural oils and your skin will keep soft, dewy, young!

Dry skin* drinks up *this cream's extra lanolin richness.

Even before 25 your face begins to lose its natural, softening oil — tiny dry lines age and coarsen your skin. Don't *let* your skin look old. Begin tonight to use this *special oil - replacer* — Pond's Dry Skin Cream. You can actually *feel* the extra lanolin-richness — the smoother, *fuller* consistency of this wonderful cream.

The beautiful Countess de la Falaise finds that "for such a *rich* cream, it's amazing the way Pond's Dry Skin Cream goes right into your skin!"

It's **homogenized** to soak in deeper, quicker!



Un-homogenized cream has coarse globules — cannot penetrate easily. *Homogenized* Pond's Dry Skin Cream has fine, even texture. Your skin can absorb it better.

Rich in LANOLIN



PD43

Start your Pond's Dry Skin creamings tonight — see your skin become softer, *younger-looking!*

THE BEST WAY TO STOP A COLD IN THE HEAD



Y-Cough eases congestion, soothes irritation, checks inflammation and swiftly aids Nature to banish your cold.

Y-COUGH

The reliable cough remedy



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Two Saos may be supplemented for 1 oz. of bread by Diabetics as a change of diet.

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